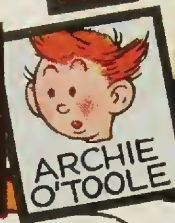


FEATURE FUNNIES

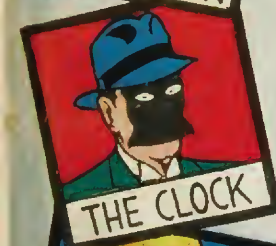
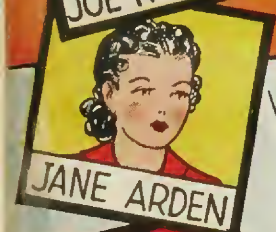
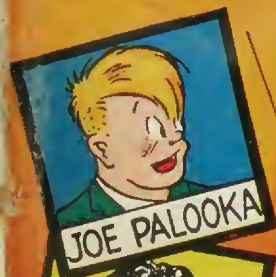


JANUARY

NO. 16

10¢

GOSH,
UNCLE
PHIL--WHAT
D'WE DO
NOW?



IN THIS ISSUE
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS
BY JOHN HIX
"OFF THE RECORD"
BY ED REED

NO SKIING
ALLOWED
HERE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

WHENEVER YOU CAN, CLOSE IN AND SHOOT LEFTS AND RIGHTS TO THE BODY. IF YOUR MAN CLINCHES IT'S A CHANCE TO UPPERCUT.

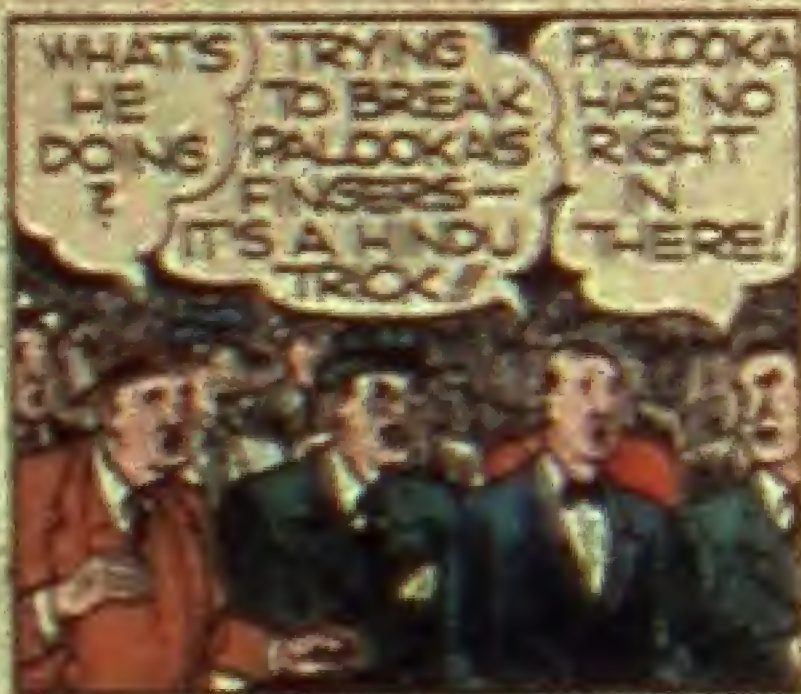


THE UPPER-CUT CAN ONLY BE USED IN CLOSE-- IT COMES FROM THE SIDE WITH ALL THE ARM AND SHOULDER POWER.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

HERE WE STOP A LEFT BY PUSHING OUR MANS ARM UP-- AND PARRYING WITH A LEFT--



PRACTICE INFIGHTING. AFTER YOU HAVE PUNCHED AT THE BODY STEP IN FAST WITH AN UPPERCUT AS SHOWN HERE--



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

GEE KNOBBY--THAT SCORE OF YOURN WAS AS MUCH AS MINE AN' EB'S PUT TGETHER!!

YOU'RE TALKIN' DA?

NORWOOD COUNTRY CLUB



I SPOSE YOUSE WONT GO IN THE CLUB TOORNAMINT?

OH YAS I WILL! AN' I'LL SUPPRIZE THEM BIRDS PLENTY! I GOT A PLAN!



ONE HOUR'S PRACTICE IS WORTH FIFTY GAMES! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONGS WITH MY SWING!



THERE! A COUPLA DAYS OF THIS AN' I'LL MAKE THEM BIRDS LOOK SILLY!



AHA! TOO CLOSE TO THE BALL!



BOY! THAT WAS GOOD FER THREE HUNDERD YARDS!



KEEP TH' OLD HEAD DOWN--YAHN--STRAIGHT AS A ARROW!



BOY! EV'RY ONE RIGHT DOWN TH' GROOVE!



THERE HE IS!

LET'S GO!



WELL! AINT THAT MARVLESST? A WHOLE GOLF PRACTICE LAY-OUT!! I BET YOUSE IMPROVE!



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

BOB FITZSIMMONS DIDN'T REALLY KNOCK OUT HIS OPPONENTS WITH HIS "SOLAR PLEXUS" PUNCH. BUT, IT'S A LEFT TO THE PIT OF THE STOMACH THAT WEAKENS!



ALWAYS BE AT A RANGE WHERE YOU CAN EITHER SHOOT A PUNCH--OR BY SIDE-STEPPING OR GOING BACK--WARD YOU CAN AVOID ONE

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

AS JOE'S OPPONENT STARTS A LEFT JAB, JOE IS PRETENDING TO WITHDRAW, BUT HIS RIGHT COMES UP!



FIG. 1.

JOE WARD'S THE OTHER GLOVE AND COUNTERS WITH A LEFT TO THE JAW. GET A PAL TO PRACTICE THIS WITH YOU.

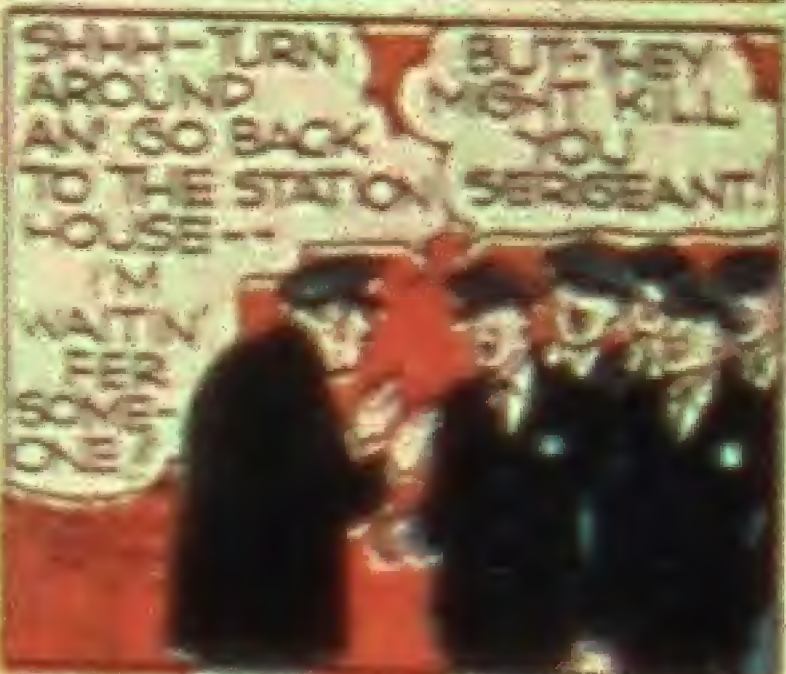
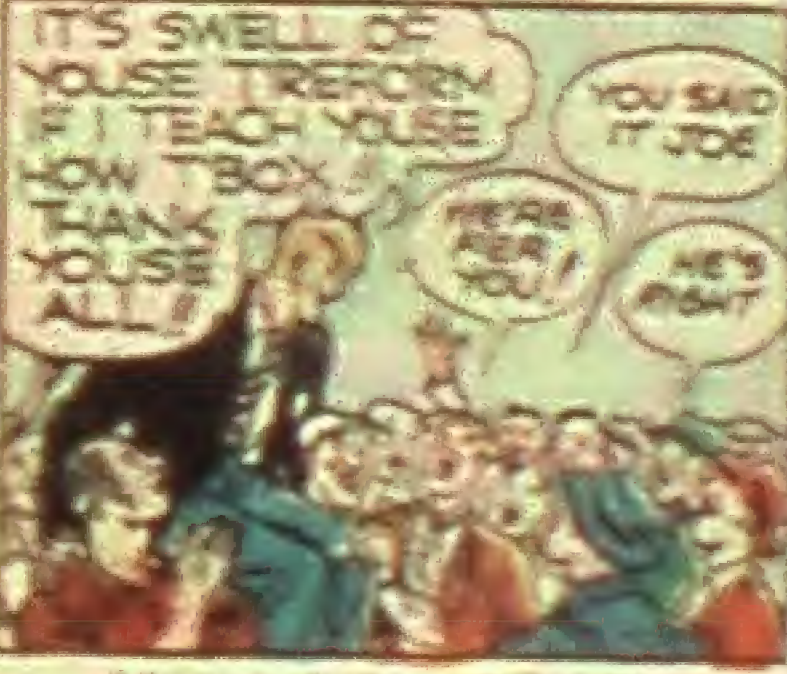
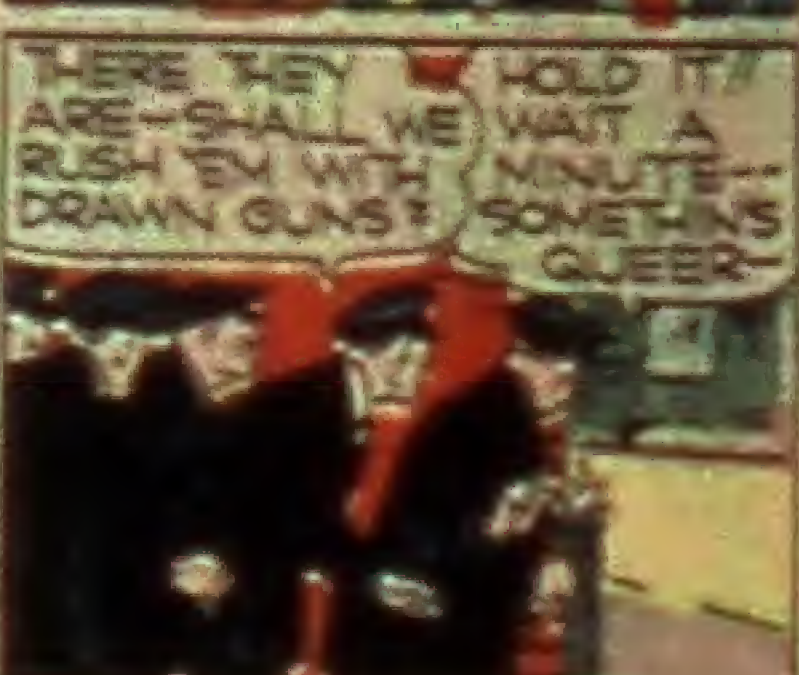
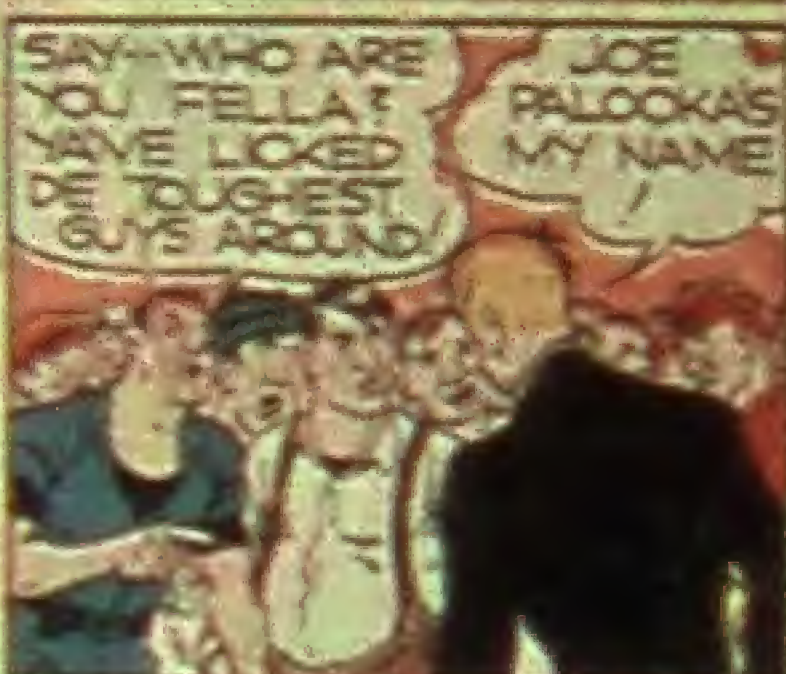


FIG. 2.

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

CONTINUED



More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the February Issue—on sale December 10th.

SCREEN Snapshots

BY BERNARD BAILY

Hedy Lamarr

MY! SHE CERTAINLY IS BEAUTIFUL!!

YES--AND SHE HAS ACTING ABILITY!

A GREAT SCREEN CAREER SEEMS TO BE IN STORE FOR THE LOVELY HEDY LAMARR. SHE WAS ONE OF THE MOST TALKED ABOUT STARS IN ALL EUROPE...

BUT-- I MUST INTERVIEW MISS LAMARR!

SORRY-- MISS LAMARR CAN'T SEE YOU ALL!!

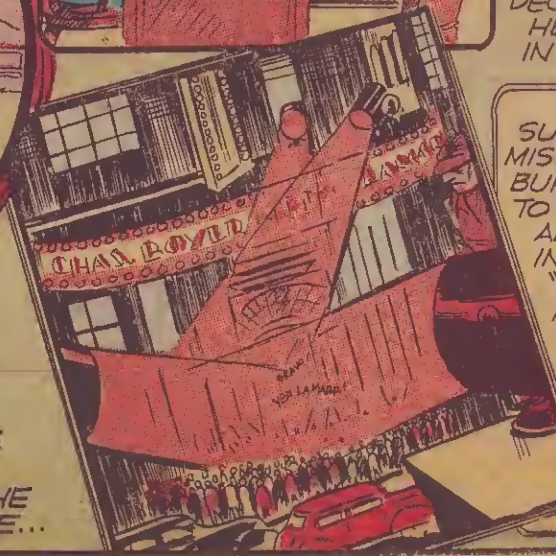
BUY UP THOSE FILMS AT ANY COST!!

WHY-- Y-YES SIR!

HAVING FORBID HER APPEARING IN A FOREIGN MOVIE, HER WEALTHY EUROPEAN HUSBAND TRIED TO BUY UP ALL THE RELEASES OF THE FILM. HEDY THEN DECIDED TO TRY HER LUCK IN HOLLYWOOD

FOR MONTHS AFTER M.G.M. SIGNED UP HEDY SHE WAS KEPT UNDER COVER--- NO NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS WERE ALLOWED, AND NO PHOTOS OF HER WERE RELEASED! SHE WAS RARELY SEEN BY ANYONE...

THEN SUDDENLY MISS LAMARR BURST FORTH TO THRILL AMERICANS IN THE MOVIE, "ALGIERS." HER WORK IN THIS PICTURE SEEMS TO HAVE ESTABLISHED A LASTING POPULARITY



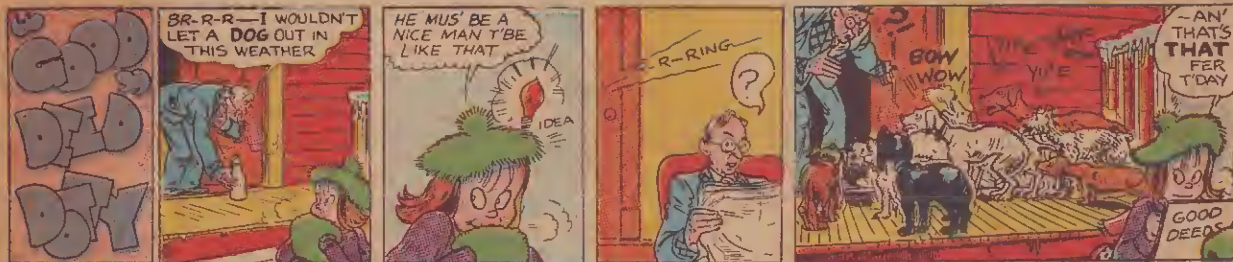


DIXIE DUGAN

© 1938 McLaughlin Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

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**GOOD
DEED
DIXIE**



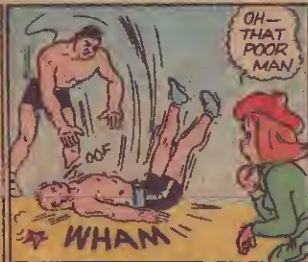
DIXIE DUGAN

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**GOOD
DEEDS
DO
IT**



DIXIE DUGAN

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Follow Dixie Dugan in the February issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale December 30th.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS *by* JOHN HIX

SIGHTLESS WONDER

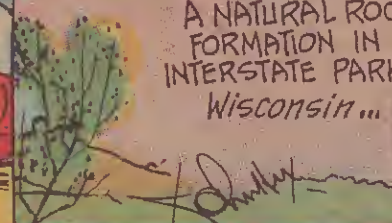
JOHN METCALF -
of Knaresborough, England,
PERMANENTLY BLINDED
AT THE AGE OF 6, BECAME AN
EXPERT BRIDGE AND ROAD BUILDER,
SOLDIER, STAGE COACH DRIVER,
CARD PLAYER, SWIMMER,
BOWLER, COCK-FIGHTER, JOCKEY,
DIVER, HUNTER, HORSE TRADER,
AND SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN!

HE DIED AT 93 IN 1810,
LEAVING 90
GRANDCHILDREN
"



CENTER OF THE CONTINENT-
RUGBY, N.D., IS SITUATED
AT THE EXACT GEOGRAPHICAL
CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA
"

OLD MAN OF THE
DALLES--
A NATURAL ROCK
FORMATION IN
INTERSTATE PARK,
WISCONSIN...



A FIRE ENGINE
CAUGHT FIRE
AND HAD TO CALL
ANOTHER ENGINE TO
PUT THE BLAZE OUT!

-Troy, N.Y., 1937-

CHICAGO, N.I.,
SCORED 18 RUNS
IN ONE INNING...!
THE LUCKY 7TH!
-vs. Detroit,
1883-



THE BARK OF
DOUGLAS FIRS GROWS
TO BE 9 INCHES THICK
"



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

BLUE MONDAY

By H. J. TUTHILL
© 1952 McNaughton Syndicate, Inc. N.Y.





MORE MILLION DOLLAR IDEAS

By H. J. TUTHILL

42749743 3-6-60, 101 N Y

A HALF MILLION DOLLARS! LOOK---
FIGURES DON'T LIE !!



GET IT? SIMPLY AN
ANTI-SKID DEVICE TO
KEEP ROCKING CHAIRS
FROM
SLIDING
BACK!!

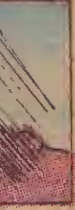


THERE-OKAY NOW!
THAT BUST SHOWED
ME HOW T'MAKE THE
CONTROL ARM AD-
JUSTABLE-
SEE



AH! ANOTHER GOOD
 IDEA WOULD BE AN
 INVISIBLE BANDAGE!!
 WHY, I'LL BET 10,000,000
 BANDAGES ARE SOLD
 EVERY YEAR!





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

DENTISTRY

By H. J. TUTHILL
© 1928, McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.



NED BRANT

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

By BOB ZUPPKE

Invited to appear before the entire student body at chapel, Bud Shekels assumes they expect a public apology for his act in running onto the field to break up a scoring pass which allowed Standish to beat Carter, 7 to 6.

BEFORE WE CONDEMN HIM, LET'S HEAR WHAT WENT ON IN THE MIND OF THE BOY WHO RAN ONTO THE FIELD IN HIS STREET CLOTHES AND INTERCEPTED A STANDISH FORWARD PASS —

BUD DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT AS SOON AS HE GETS THROUGH EXPLAINING, WE'RE GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR SNUBBING HIM

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STUDENTS OF CARTER COLLEGE — I PRESENT BUD SHEKELS —

You could hear a pin drop as Bud leaves his seat high in the balcony and proceeds briskly toward the stage

INCIDENTALLY, IT WAS THE ONLY PASS HE CAUGHT ALL SEASON

Though smarting under the razzing he has taken for a fortnight, Bud holds his temper until he reaches the stage

AS I CAME DOWNSTAIRS I HEARD A NUMBER OF HISSES — YOU KNOW WHAT HISS? GEESE! SO QUACK QUACK, RIGHT BACK AT YOU!

IF YOU THINK I CAME TO APOLOGIZE OR TO EXPLAIN, YOU'RE WRONG! I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M HERE AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG!

I'M HERE TO SAY I'VE GOT MORE SCHOOL SPIRIT THAN ANY OF YOU APES WHO HAVE BEEN TURNING YOUR BACKS ON ME SINCE I SPOILED THAT FOOTBALL GAME — THANK YOU — GOOD DAY!

For a full 30 seconds the crowd, expecting an alibi, sits stunned as Bud finishes his tongue-lashing and leaves the building.

Then, realizing the injustice done the freshman halfback, the undergraduates leap to their feet and cheer him to the echo.

WE WANT BUD SHEKELS!

COME ON — AFTER HIM!

YOU GUYS MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT BECAUSE I'LL BE UP HERE FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER MOST OF MY COLLEGE CAREER!



ALPHA
CHI
RHO

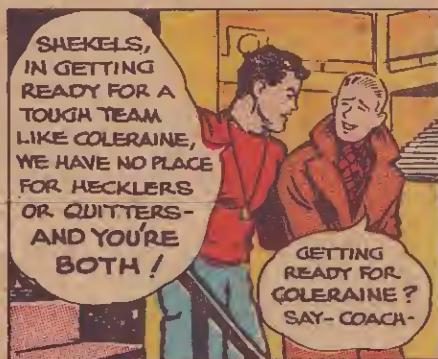
... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...

FOUNDED: AT TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 4, 1895, BY THE LATE REV. PAUL ZIEGLER AND FOUR OTHER MEN. INTRINSIC WORTH IS THE SOLE GUIDE IN THE SELECTING OF THE NEW MEMBERS.

NED BRANT

DRAWN BY B. W. DEWEY

By BOB ZUPPKE



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Shekels' opinion of Shekels is something to marvel at, my brave fellows!

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...



PHI
SIGMA
DELTA

FOUNDED: AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910, BY ALFRED LAASON, MAXWELL HYMAN AND SIX OTHER MEN. THE PROFESSOR BRUMMER CUP IS AWARDED EACH YEAR TO THE CHAPTER WHOSE RECORD IS BEST.

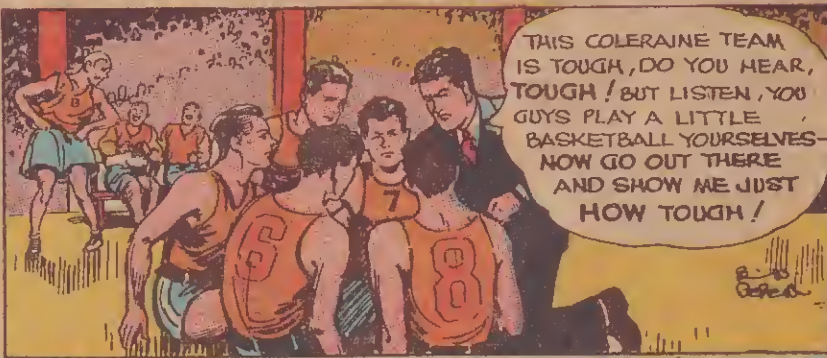
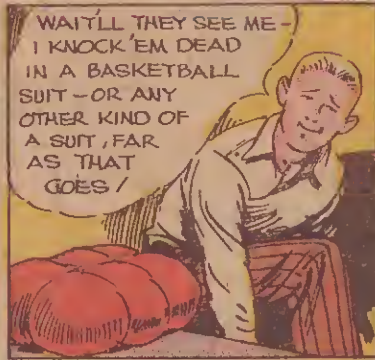
NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEFEW

Bud Shekels suddenly decides to go out for the freshman basketball team when he learns of a game with the Coleraine freshmen. BUD KNOWS HE'S GOOD!

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... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...



THETA
KAPPA
PHI

FOUNDED: AT LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,
OCTOBER 1, 1919, ITS PURPOSE BEING TO
PROMOTE GOOD FELLOWSHIP, AND TO
ENCOURAGE HIGH SCHOLASTIC STANDINGS.

NED BRANT By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, SHOTGUN—YOU KNOW HOW PROUD BUD SHEKELS IS OF HIS APPEARANCE—

Coleraine freshmen lead Carter's strong yearling team 18 to 15 with 1 minute and 27 seconds to play.

LOOK AT THIS SUIT COACH SHELDON GAVE ME! IF I WERE IN A CORNFIELD THE CROWS WOULD DIE OF FRIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, BUD—HE WOULDN'T SEND YOU IN IF COLERAINE WERE LEADING GO TO 15!

SEND BUD IN AND THE COLERAINE FANS WILL GREET HIM WITH A RAZZBERRY OPERA!

SURE! AND BUD WILL GET MAD, DECIDE TO SHOW 'EM, AND MAYBE GO ON A SCORING RAMPAGE!

I SEE THE SUIT—BUT WHERE'S SHEKELS?

DON'T GET RATTLED IN THERE, AND IF YOU GET THAT BALL, SHOOT!

MUST HAVE BEEN MADE BY TWO TAILORS WHO WERE MAD AT EACH OTHER!

Coleraine guards foul Bud in their mad effort to stop him, and he gets a free shot.

DON'T GET THE BALL CAUGHT IN YOUR SHIRT!

THE SECOND FOUL WAS CALLED ON THE CROWD FOR SHOUTING AT A PLAYER ABOUT TO SHOOT

THAT'S IT POINTS FOR CARTER.

SMART GUYS, EH? GIMME THAT BALL, SOMEBODY!

Made fighting mad by the razzing, Bud races down the sideline as the Coleraine section chants the remaining seconds of play... Five... Four... Three—

Like a bullet goes the ball from Ned Brant to Bud Shekels. Bud leaps, shoots—and the gun ending the game explodes.

THERE'S THE GUN!

AND OUR BALL GAME, 19 TO 18!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LOVELY PEOPLE—TAKE A GOOD LOOK—I DON'T NEED A FORM FITTING SUIT TO BEAT A DUMB COLERAINE TEAM!

SHEKELS!

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Ned Brant is continued in the February issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale December 30th.

Archie by BUD THOMAS O'TOOLE

AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY, I HAVE THE HONOR OF BESTOWING UPON YOU, KING O'TOOLE THE BLESSINGS AND GOOD WISHES OF OUR CITIZENS-- MAY YOUR VOYAGE TO YOUR NATIVE LAND BE A SUCCESSFUL ONE!

MEANWHILE, THE N.Y. UNDERWORLD PLOTS.

SO-KING O'TOOLE IS FLYING HOME!! HE'S GOT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ABOARD HIS PLANE-- THE MONEY HE MADE BY SIGNING HIS NAME TO TOOTHPASTE ADS-- WE MUST GET IT!

COME WITH ME--I MUST GET MY STEP-DAUGHTER TO AID ME---

NO-NO-NO! I WILL DO NONE OF YOUR DIRTY WORK!

PLEASE, I BESEECH YOU--YOU MUST HELP YOUR AILING FATHER!

THUS, FLYING PEACEFULLY ALOFT...

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL, PEACEFUL COUNTRY AMERICA IS--NO GUNS, OR SOLDIERS MARCHING AROUND.

HELP!

HELP!

SOMEONE IN THAT BALLOON IS CALLING FOR HELP--I MUST GO TO THEIR AID!

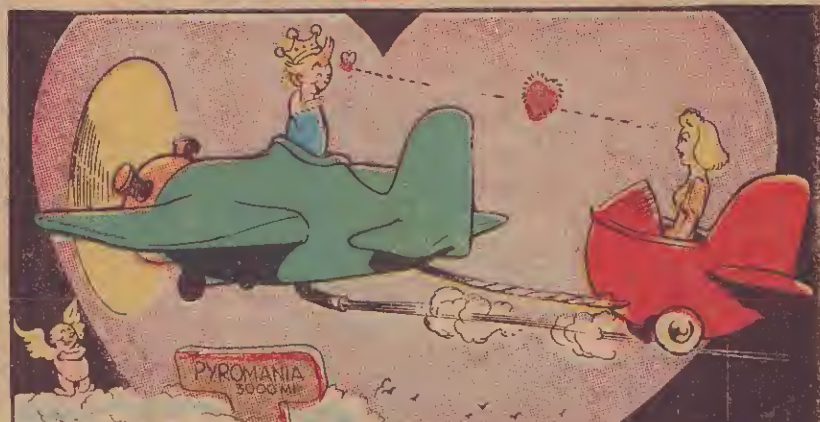
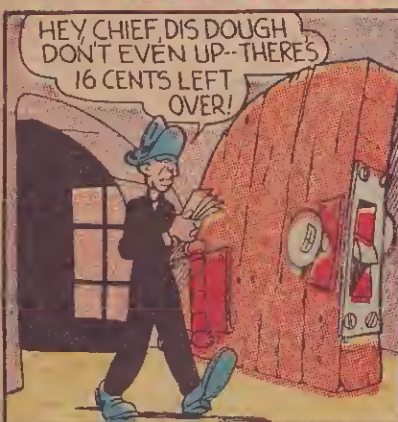
HELP!

-ER-HELLO, MAY I HELP YOU IN YOUR DISTRESS?

DON'T WIGGLE, SO'S I CAN WALK ACROSS--

AHA! SO, NOW I'VE GOT YOU, KING O'TOOLE!!

QUICKLY, ARCHIE IS TIED AND TAKEN TO THE VILLAINS LAIR.....

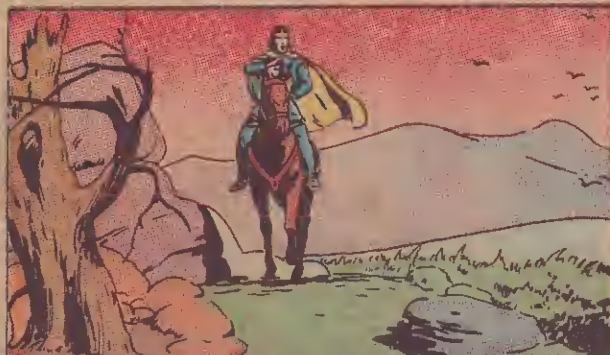


Another adventure of Archie O'Toole in the February issue—on sale December 30th.

Gallant Knight

by
VERNON HENKEL

SIR NEVILLE
RIDES SOUTHWARD
AWAY FROM
THE CASTLE
OF GALLEYNE
HIS SWORD
LOOSE IN THE
SCABBARD
FOR DEATH
SEEMED TO
LUCK EVERY-
WHERE IN THIS
WILD COUNTRY



MOUNTING A HIGH CLIFF THE KNIGHT-ERRANT
WAS SOON CONFRONTED BY A SCENE OF GRIM DISASTER



AS
NEVILLE
RODE
UP
THE
OLD
MAN
STIRRED
FEEBLY

PEACE ! WHAT
ILL FORTUNE HAS
STRUCK THEE,
SIRE ?



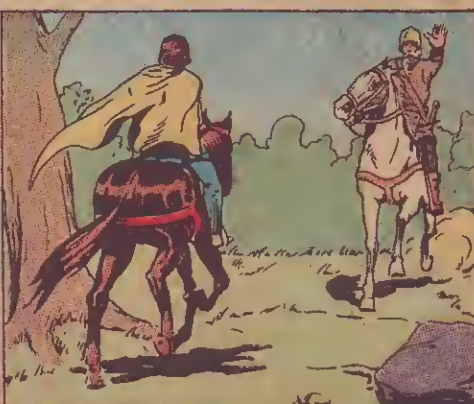
'TWAS THE BLACK BARON ! HE
STOLE MY CATTLE - BURNED MY
FIELDS AND CARRIED AWAY MY
SON ! MY SON ! I MUST RESCUE
HIM BEFORE---

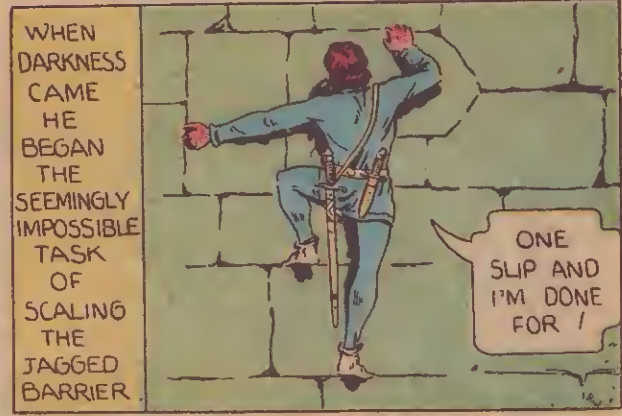
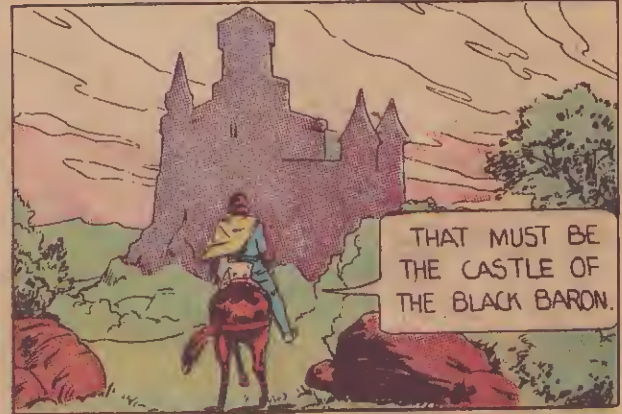


DEAD ! THERE
IS NAUGHT I
CAN DO HERE !



NEVILLE
RIDES
IN THE
DIRECTION
THE OLD
MAN HAD
POINTED
WHEN HIS
PATH IS
SUDDENLY
BLOCKED
BY A
BOISTEROUS
KNIGHT





BY MY SWORD / HOW
DID YOU GET HERE ?



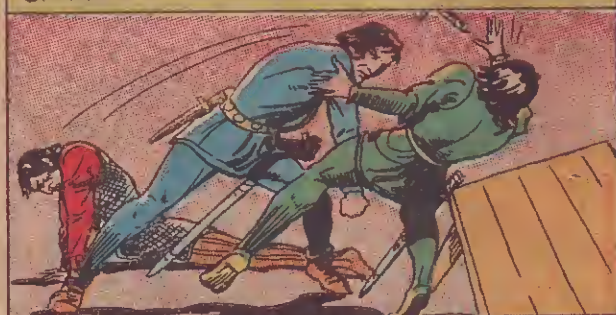
I KNOW NOT HOW MANY WRETCHES
YOU HAVE KILLED OR TORTURED BUT
I HAVE COME TO SAVE ONE LAD
FROM A LIFE OF CRIME !



SEIZE THIS
MAD FOOL !
GUARDS ! GUARDS !



THE LIGHT-HEARTED NEVILLE STRUCK FIRST -
HIS ATTACK SENT THE STARTLED NOBLES
SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR



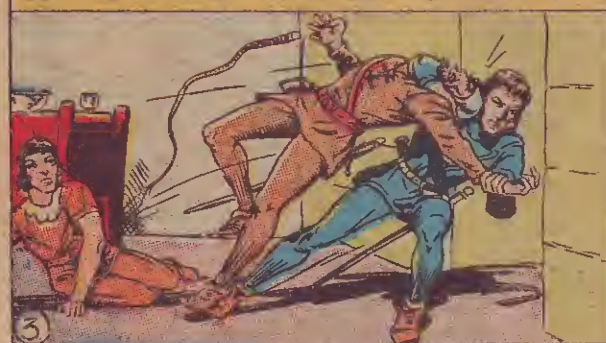
MEANWHILE, FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE
SCREAMS RANG OUT AS A YOUTHFUL BOY RE-
FUSED TO DO HIS MASTER'S BIDDING



HA ! YOU LITTLE
CHURL - SO YOU NEED
MORE DISCIPLINE ?



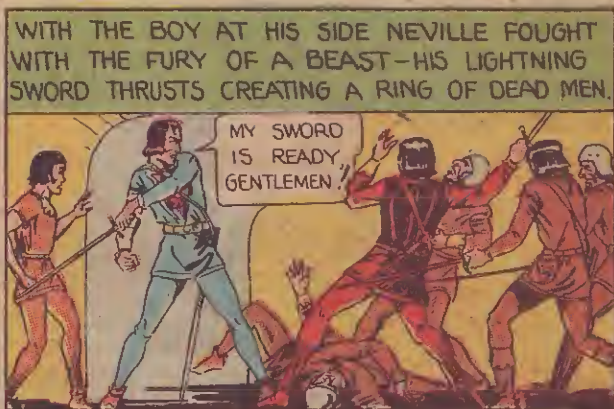
FROM THE SHADOWS STEELY FINGERS REACHED
OUT TO TIGHTEN IN A GRIP OF DEATH



PLEASE, SIRE
TAKE ME AWAY
FROM HERE !

THAT DO I INTEND,
LAD, SHOULD FORTUNE
FAVOR US !





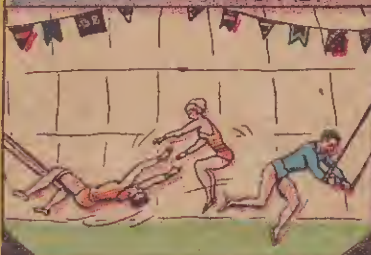
BIG TOP By ED WHELAN

AFTER HIS TALK WITH TEX ROPER HAL THOMPSON GETS HIS HORSE "SUNSHINE" READY

HERE'S A LUMP OF SUGAR, OLD PAL!



MEANWHILE THE "FLYING FALCON'S" CLOSE THE SHOW WITH THEIR DARING ACT--



ON THE OUTSIDE THE COWBOYS AND INDIANS WAIT FOR THE WILD WEST SHOW TO BEGIN---



THE MAIN SHOW IS OVER, AND SILK ANNOUNCES THE STARS IN THE WILD WEST SHOW-- NOW, HAL THOMPSON!! COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES--



YIPPEEE!!



H'RAY HAL!! OH! GEE PA--I SAW HIM OFTEN IN TH' MOVIES! AIN'T "SUNSHINE" SWELL?



AFTER THE FANCY RIDING AND LASSOING HAL DOES SOME ROPE JUMPING--



ENDING WITH TRICK SHOOTING WHILE STANDING ON "SUNSHINE"



NEXT THE INDIANS DO THEIR "RAIN DANCE"

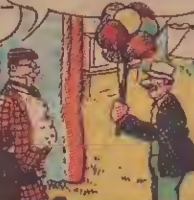


WHEN THE SHOW IS OVER THE CROWD TALKS OF NOTHING BUT HAL!!

BOY! WHAT A RIDER HAL THOMPSON IS, EH?



AND HE CAN DO ANYTHING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I MUST SEE HOW MYRA IS!



HOW'S YOUR ANKLE, DEAR?

IT'S MUCH BETTER, HAL!



TELL ME ABOUT THE SHOW!

WELL, FIRST I DID MY BIG "SLIDE FOR LIFE," AND LATER THE COWBOY STUFF.



YOU'RE SUCH A COMFORT, GOT TO HAL NOW!

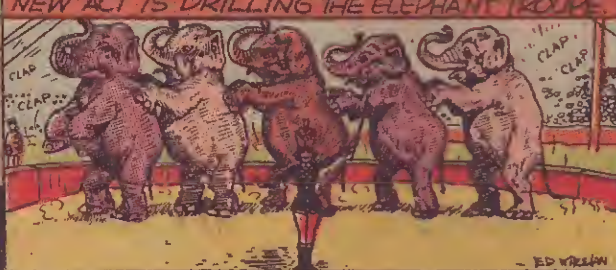


LATER, HAL SEES JEFF BANGS--

--AND WE WON'T HAVE MYRA DO THAT RISKY WIRE ACT YET HAL--

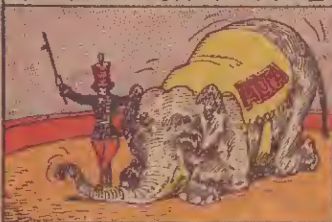


SO, WHEN HER ANKLE IS STRONG MYRA'S NEW ACT IS DRILLING THE ELEPHANT TROUPE



BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN

THE BIG ELEPHANT ACT IS OVER, AND MYRA PUTS ALTA THROUGH A ROUTINE



ALL RIGHT, ALTA-- NOW SIT UP!

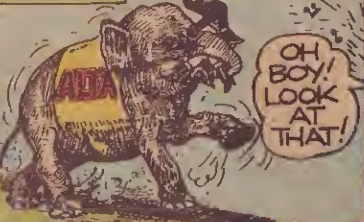


BUT, AS SILK FOWLER LOOKS ON--

VERY PRETTY! BUT MY DAY WILL COME!



AND FINALLY ALTA'S DANCE EXIT--



NEXT COMES CAPTAIN OLSEN'S TRAINED SEALS

COME OLAF! WAKE UP-- CATCH DIS!!



BUT, STRANGELY THE SEALS MISS NEARLY ALL THEIR TRICKS!!

VAT IS DA MATTER?



GEE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM, PA?



AFTER THE ACT JEFF BANGS RUSHES TO CAPTAIN OLSEN----

SAY! THAT WAS AWFUL, OLSEN! SEALS ACT SICK! SOMEBODY GIVE DEM BAD FISH!



NOW THE CLOWNS PUT ON THEIR "WALK AROUND"----

PEP IT UP, BOYS-- THE SEALS NEARLY RUINED THE SHOW!



YOO HOO !!

HURRY UP, PINHEAD!



I DON'T KNOW! WORST ACT I EVER SAW, SON!



MEANWHILE, MYRA AND HAL THOMPSON MEET

NOW, NOW OH HAL!! DEAR-- HAD A HORRID DREAM ABOUT SILLY! YOUR ACT--



BUT SUDDENLY HAL AND MYRA ARE INTERRUPTED!!

LOOK OUT!! MAD DOG



THE MAD DOG NOW CHASES SKOOKIE INTO THE CENTER RING--



SEEING HAL'S "SLIDE FOR LIFE" WIRE SKOOKIE WILDLY LEAPS FOR IT--



--HE'S HALF WAY UP, AND THE WIRE SNAPS



BUT SKOOKIE CLINGS DESPERATELY TO THE BROKEN WIRE!



MYRA NEARLY FAINTS AS SHE SEES HAL'S WIRE BREAK IN TWO!!



MEANWHILE, A NET IS THROWN OVER THE MAD DOG--

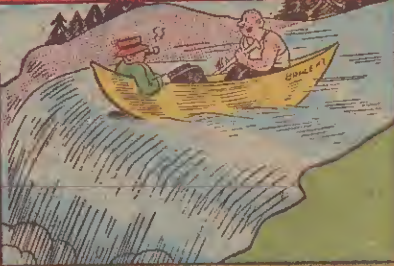


AND JEFF BANGS IS NEARLY FRANTIC!

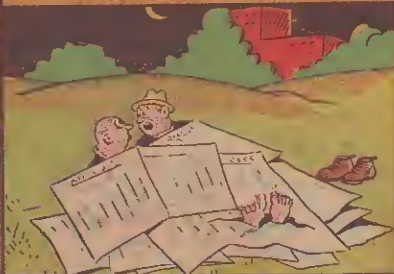


CONTINUED

Off the RECORD By Ed Reed



"BY THE WAY,
CAN YOU SWIM?"



"PUT YOUR SHOES ON---
YOU'RE TEARING THE SHEETS!"



"YOU GOT AN AWFUL SCARE IN
LAST NIGHT'S HOLD-UP!"

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

To get your copy of the 52-page

1938
LIONEL
catalog



* Write at once for your copy of this big full-color book of railroading—and you will receive it by mail, in plenty of time to make your selection from the 1938 Lionel fleet of speed wizards—the only trains in the world with electric whistling, uncoupling, loading, unloading and reversing. Act at once!

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933 Of Feature Funnies, published monthly, at Cleveland, Ohio, for October 1, 1938.

State of Ohio

County of Cuyahoga

ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward Cronin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the FEATURE FUNNIES, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Edward Cronin, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Managers, Ann L. Horgan, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everett M. Arnold, 24 Centre Drive, Old Greenwich, Conn.
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Henry P. Martin, Jr., c/o The Register & Tribune Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Frank J. Murphy, 334 Weaver Street, Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) EDWARD C. CRONIN

Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1938.

(Signed) F. S. FRASER, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 9th, 1941.)

CLOCK STRIKES

THE

A COMPLETE STORY BY **GEO. E. BRENNER**

THE
S.S. ACQUAGAL,
ASSIGNED TO
CARRY THE
FAMOUS MOGOL
DIAMOND
ACROSS THE
SEAS TO ITS
NEW OWNER,
TAFFNEY & SON,
JEWELERS,
PLOWS
MAJESTICALLY
UP THE
HARBOR--



AT
THE
SAME
TIME
ABOARD
A
SMALL
YACHT--



IT IS! --TELL JOE TO
WISE UP TH' BOYS ON LAND--



ITS
DASTARDLY
DEED
ACCOMPLISHED,
THE YACHT
HEADS FOR
THE OPEN
SEA AT
FULL
SPEED.



INSIDE A DILAPIDATED HOUSE ON
THE WATER-FRONT--

HERE'S TH' MESSAGE WE
BEEN WAITIN' FOR FROM
CHUCK, BOSS!

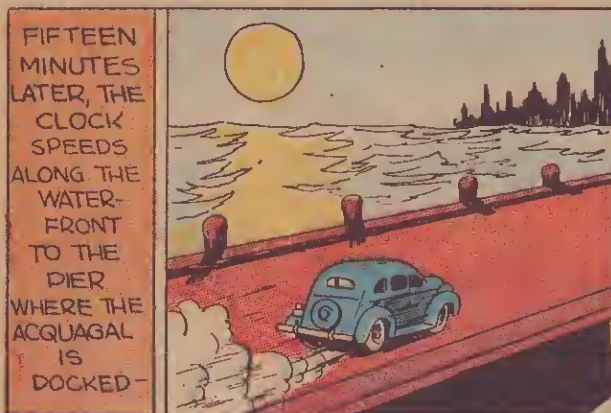
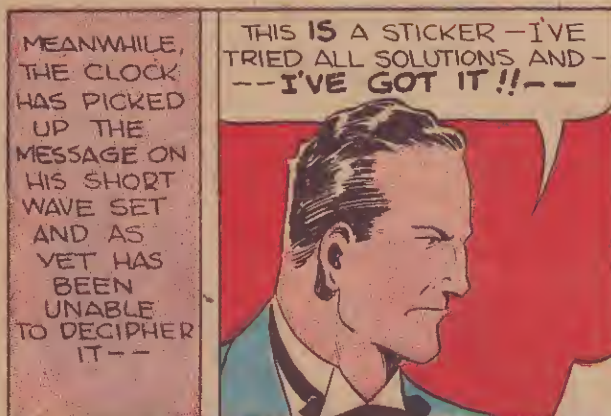
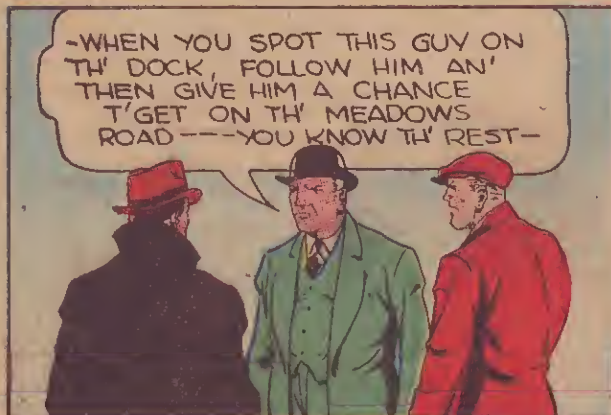
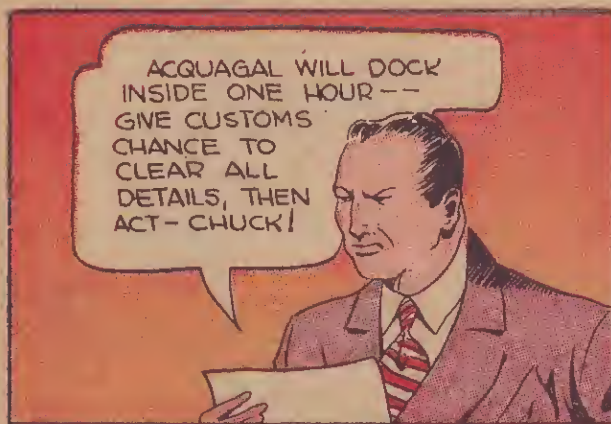
LET'S HAVE
IT--

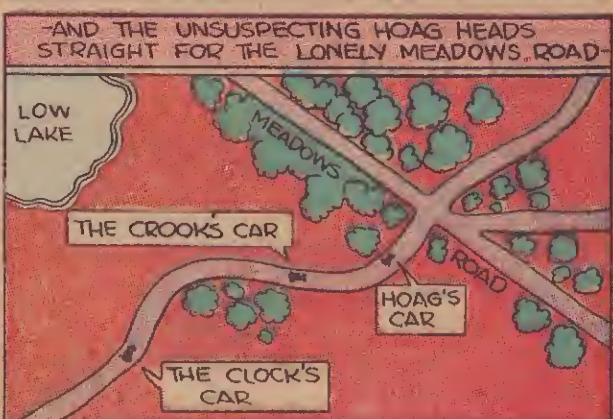
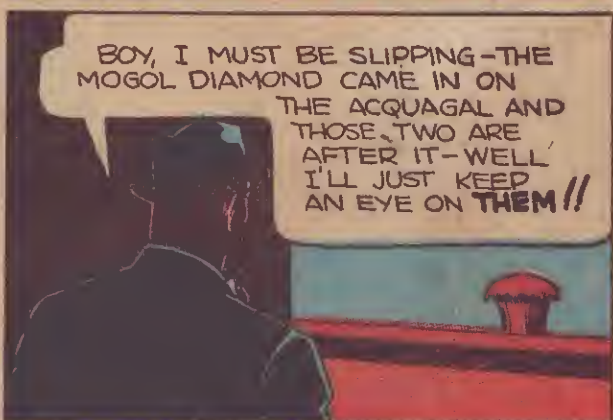
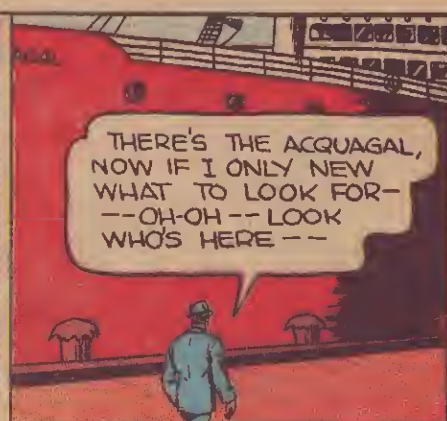
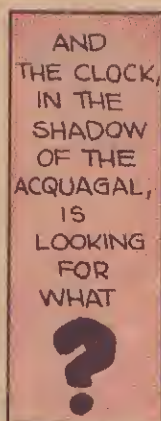


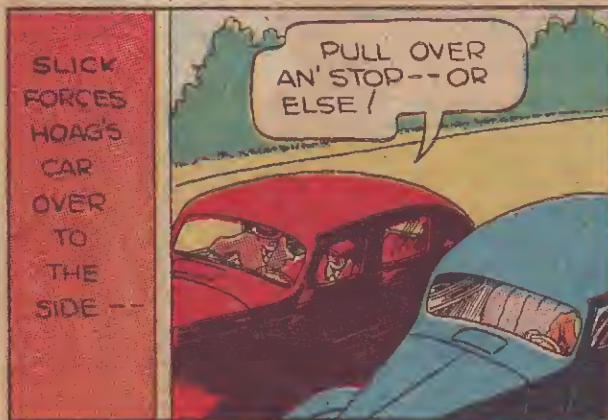
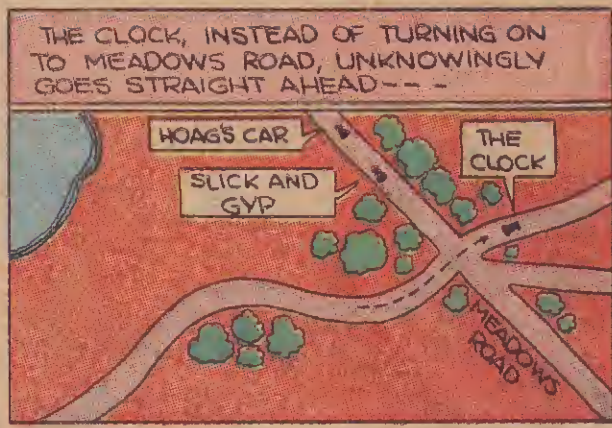
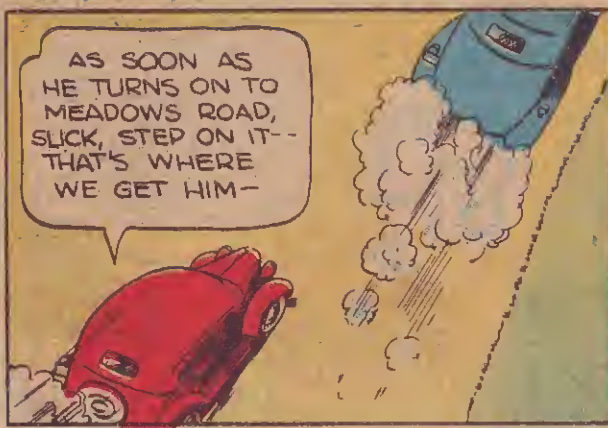
UGAACLQA LIWL
ODKC IENDSI EON
UROH--EGIV OSMCTUS
CEHNCA OT ERA LC
LAL SDELTAI--EHTN
CAT. UCHKC.

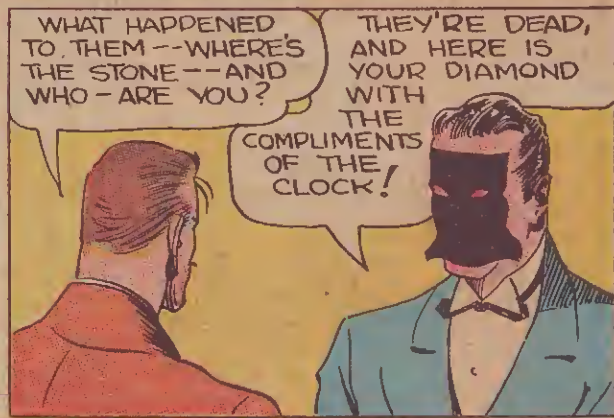
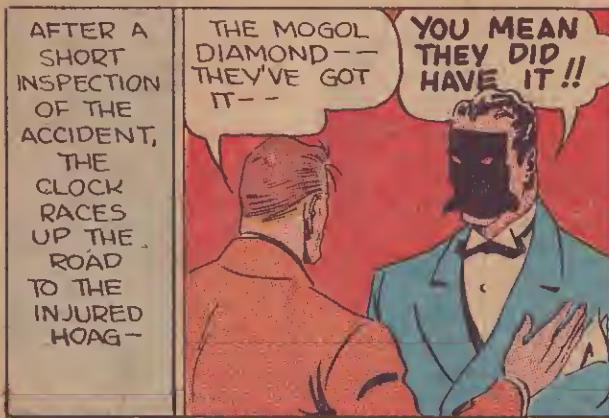
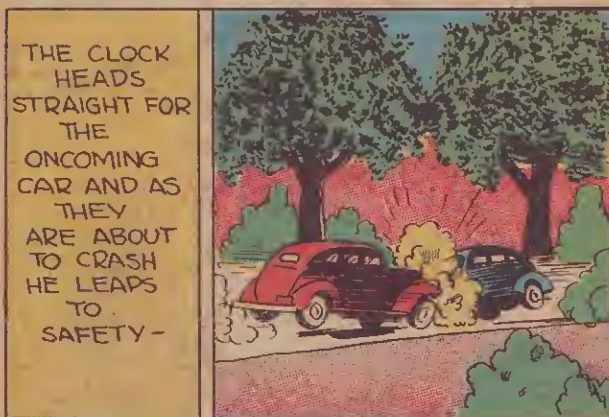
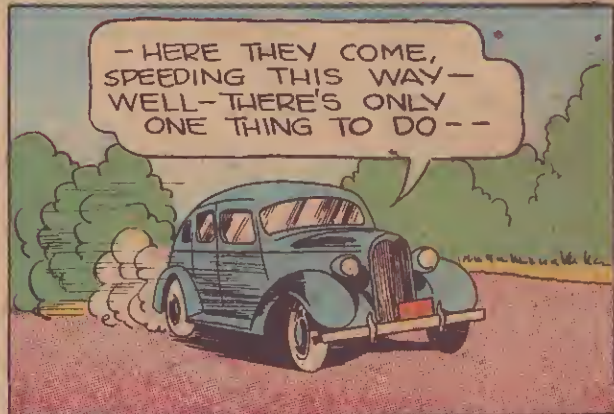
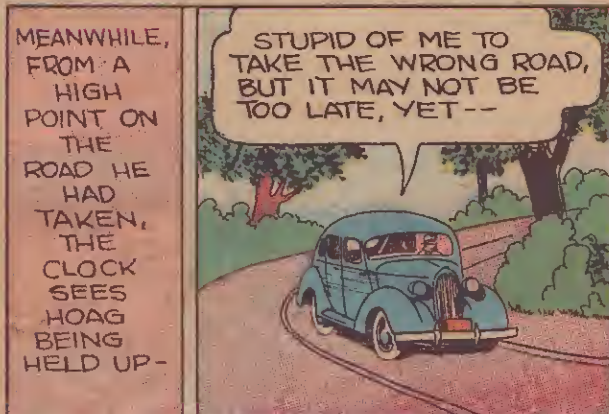
YOU KNOW I
CAN'T READ TH' CODE,
WHAT'S IT SAY?











THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
The Player
Who Scored
All Points
for
Both Teams!



There is the tense stillness of these few pre-game seconds—then the referee's shrill whistle, clear and thin, breaks the silence. We watch Southern California boot the opening kick-off far down the field... Look! See that! He's away... No... Can he get away?

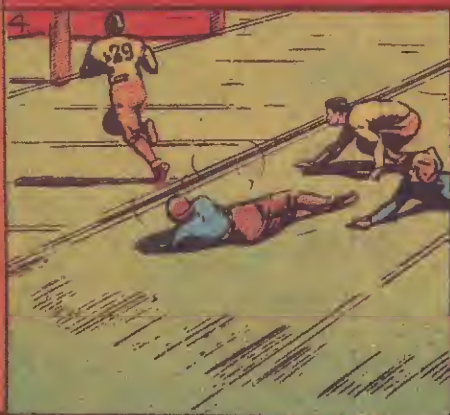


He can't get away! Halfback Haines of Washington university catches the ball on his 1-yard line and, before he can start up the field he is swept back across his own goal by a charging horde of steel-muscled giants. The safety means 2 points for Southern California



Relax now. Take it easy. The game's getting old and the only score is Haines' safety. It begins to look as if the Washington boy has won a game for the enemy... Watch it! That's Haines now... He's past the line... Look at that interference! It's 75 yards to Southern California's goal...

But what is 75 yards when you've got a real incentive to spur you on, and the ability to take you where you want to go?—Smashing, slashing, dodging and twisting, Haines fights his way over the goal line, the thought of that 2 points whipping him on to almost superhuman efforts.



And here he is—up close—the boy who got credit for all the points scored, 6 for Washington and 2 for Southern California. The game was played Dec. 7, 1935, at Los Angeles

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

AN 'OIL COMPANY DRILLS A WELL AT STAMFORD-- WHILE A MR. BIGGE HOLDS LAND OPTIONS

I'LL GIVE YOU \$1,000 FOR THE OPTION I SOLD YOU!

NOPE-- I WANT \$3,000 FOR IT JONES!

IT'S FUNNY! I'VE STRUCK OIL, AND OFFERED YOU MY BIG MONEY-- BUT I CAN'T BUY LAND!

JUST WAIT, I'LL SELL, I'LL SELL, YOU MY LEASE IF I CAN--

OIL MEN USUALLY BUY LEASES BEFORE THEY START DRILLING! HMM-- I WONDER??

WHY DON'T YOU SEE MR. BIGGE? HE HAS OPTIONS ON ALL THE FARMS!

WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

IF THIS IS ON THE LEVEL HE'LL SEE MR. BIGGE-- WE'LL SOON KNOW!

ADVANCE ME 3,000 DOLLARS AND MY LEASE IS YOURS! IT'S TO GET BACK MY OPTION!

NO SIR! GET YOUR OPTION BACK FIRST, AND I'LL GIVE YOU \$5,000 FOR YOUR LEASE!

HE KNOWS YOU SOLD YOUR OPTION -- WHY DOESN'T HE SEE BIGGE?

THAT'S IT! -- I'M AFRAID HE WILL SEE BIGGE!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE \$3,000-- I WANT TO MORTGAGE MY FARM--

GET IN LINE! WE ALL COME FER THE SAME THING!

IT'S A CINCH, CHIEF! AND THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH US! THESE RUBES ARE AWFUL SUCKERS!!

LENA PRY

THAT'S WHY I FETCHED IT!! I WANTA DO MY SHARE O' RIDIN' 'ROUND HERE!!

WHAT? A BUGGY CAN'T? NOW WE CAN BOTH RIDE!!

WAL, IT'S A FLAT LAND JIGGER! ONLY TH' PARSON HAD ONE, AN' I TRADED YORE BES' HOG FER IT!

WELL-- HITCH UP AND WE'LL TRY IT!

GIT ALONG CRITTER! WHUT'S A SAKES ALIVE! HE'S BALKING!

SAY! I KNOW HOW TO STOP THAT-- I'LL BUILD A FIRE UNDER HIM!

IT WORKS! HE'S MOVING!!

YORE PURTY RIGHT SOMETIMES, GAL!

OHH!! HEY! HE STOPPED THE BUGGY RIGHT OVER THE FIRE!

YOU WORRY -- IT'S YORE FIRE AN' YORE BUGGY!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE NOTIFIES THE INSPECTOR OF THE OIL COMPANY'S ACTIVITIES.

I GOT YOUR WIRE--WHAT'S UP?

BIGGE IS SELLING THE FARMERS BACK THEIR OPTIONS AT A HUGE PROFIT, SO THEY CAN DEAL WITH THE OIL MAN!

THERE'S NOTHING CROOKED ABOUT THAT!

IT'S CROOKED IF THE OIL CROOKED CROWD ARE WORKING FOR BIGGE, AND THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

I THINK THAT WALLY AND HIS CROWD WILL VANISH WHEN 'BIGGE UNLOADS HIS OPTIONS! WE MUST WORK FAST, INSPECTOR!

DOWN WITH THE DERRICK, BOYS! GOTTA BE OUTA HERE BY DAWN!

NOT SO FAST, FELLA -- THIS IS A PINCH!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! I CAN MOVE MY RIG

YEAH? AFTER PROMISING TO BUY LEASES FROM THESE FARMERS? IT'S A RACKET!!

BIGGE'S SMART! HE TAKES THE MONEY--AND YOU TAKE THE RAP--BETTER TALK FAST!!

SURE--BIGGE IS WITHIN THE LAW AS LONG AS YOU KEEP STILL --YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC!

OKAY!-- I'LL TALK--WHAT D'YOU WANT TO KNOW?

\$5000 IS RIGHT! HERE'S YOUR OPTION!!

B-BUT, YOU CAN'T!! OH YES I CAN! WALLY TALKED--WE GOT'CHA!

LENA PRY HOWDY REB-- C'MON SET A SPELL!

WE COME T'FETCH YA WORD 'BOUT THE SOCIABLE DAN'L!

THAT'S GONNA BE A SHINDIG AT TH' MEETIN' HOUSE!

OH-- BUT TH' PARSON CALLS IT A BENEFIT!!

BENNY FIT? NEVER HEERED OF HIM!! IT'S NOT A MAN--IT'S A PARTY

FUNNY NAME FER A PARTY SEZ I

WHY, A BENEFIT IS FOR SOME-- BODY CHOLERA SUFFERERS!!

SURE! THIS'S FER TH' CHOLERA SUFFERERS!!

LOTS A CHOLERY AROUN' NOW TOO!

WHAT?? A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC? WE MUST ALL BE CAREFUL!!

NOW, AIN'T THAT SILLY? WHEN WE ALWEEZ SHOOT THEM AS GITS IT!!

SURE! WE KNOWS HOW T'HANDLE HOG CHOLERA

YEAH!-- HOGS IS HOGS!

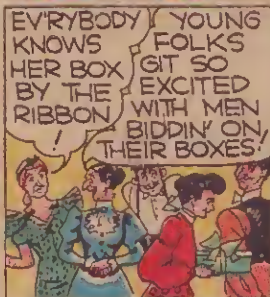
LAND SAKES!! HOG CHOLERA!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



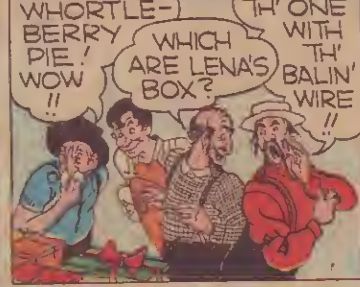
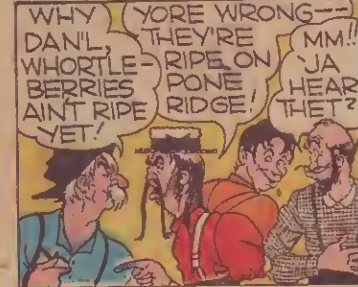
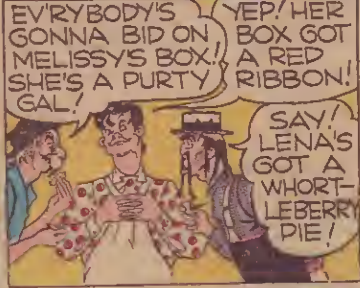
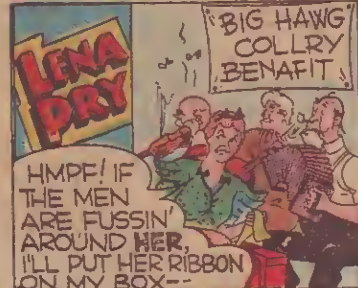
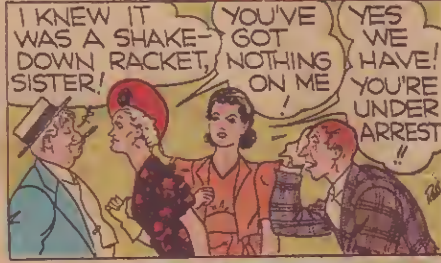
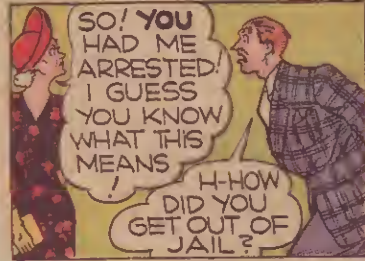
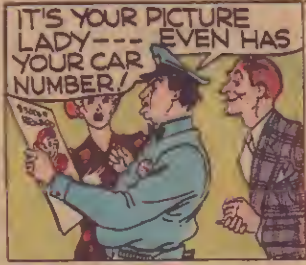
CONTINUED

JANE ARDEN

AS JANE WATCHES THE GIRL WHO IS PICTURED ON THE FAKE POSTER



HMM-- THERE'S A REWARD FOR HER, AND SHE'S FRIENDLY WITH THE DETECTIVE



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX



THE QUEEN IS
THE ONLY BEE
THAT CAN STING
WITHOUT FLIRTING
WITH DEATH...



HER UNBARBED STINGER IS EASILY
WITHDRAWN, BUT WORKER BEES' BARBED
STINGERS USUALLY TEAR AWAY, KILLING
THE OWNER...

A SHORT TRIP TO THE GRAVE...
CAR LINE NO. 27, of the
East Bay Transit Co., Oakland, Cal.,
IS ONLY ONE BLOCK LONG...
IT SERVES A CEMETERY

THE SPHINX OF COLORADO -
a natural rock formation
near Denver...



THE WORLD'S
HIGHEST CAPITAL -
LA PAZ, Capital of Bolivia,
IS OVER TWO MILES ABOVE
SEA LEVEL...



GEORGE WASHINGTON LYDE
IS THE NAME OF
AN EMPLOYEE OF
THE TENNESSEE
COAL, IRON AND
RAILROAD CO.,
Birmingham, Ala.

THE
NATIONAL COSTUME OF MEXICO
ORIGINATED IN CHINA!

IT WAS COPIED FROM THE DRESS
OF A CHINESE PRINCESS WHO
WAS CAPTURED BY PIRATES AND
TAKEN TO MEXICO IN THE
LATE 17TH CENTURY



TODDY

BY

GEORGE MARCOUX

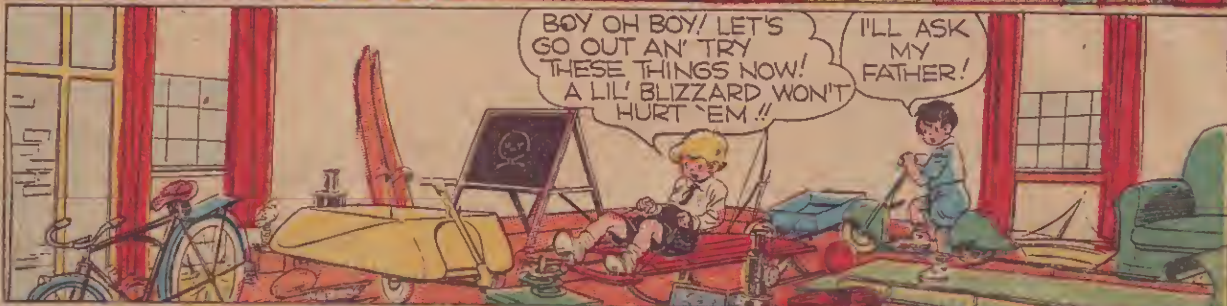
OH BOY!
YOUR DAD
CERTN'Y
TREATED YOU
SWELL THIS
CHRISTMAS!!

YEAH! BUT I
BEHAVED
PRETTY GOOD
ALL YEAR
TOO!!



BOY OH BOY! LET'S
GO OUT AN' TRY
THESE THINGS NOW!
A LIL' BLIZZARD WON'T
HURT 'EM!!

I'LL ASK
MY
FATHER!

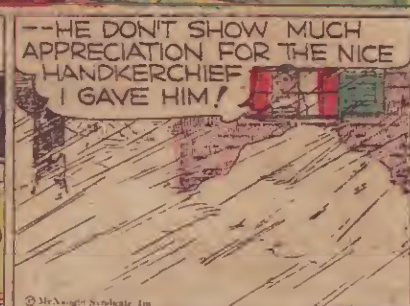
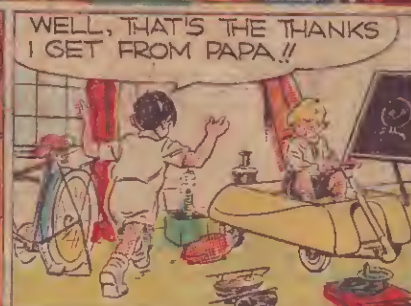


PAPA-CAN I
GO OUT WITH
FOGGY? WE--

NO!! YOU
CAN'T GO
OUT IN THIS
BLIZZARD!

WELL, THAT'S THE THANKS
I GET FROM PAPA!!

--HE DON'T SHOW MUCH
APPRECIATION FOR THE NICE
HANDKERCHIEF
I GAVE HIM!



FLOSSIE

by

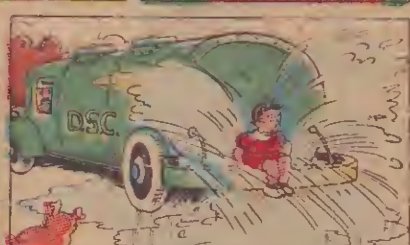
AL ZERE

IT WAS A GOOD
CHRISTMAS, BUT
I'M GLAD IT'S
OVER!

OH! BUT A
NEW YEAR IS
COMIN'
NOW TOO!



HEY! YOU
CRAZY?



HEY!



SAY-WHAT'S
TH' BIG IDEA,
FLOSSIE?

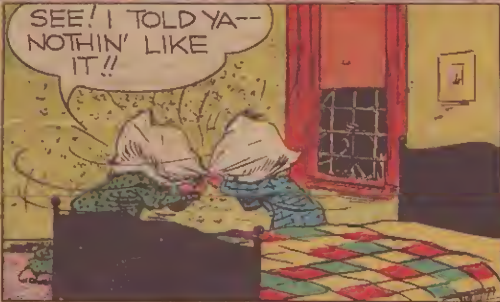
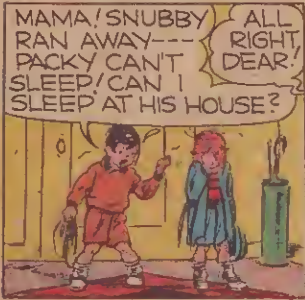
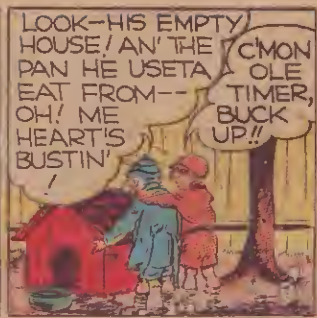
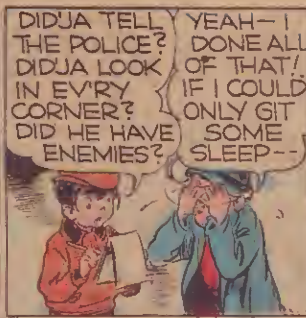


WELL, I WAS GOOD FOR A WEEK
BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AN' I HAVE
ONLY THIS WEEK
BEFORE TH' NEW
RESOLUTIONS!!



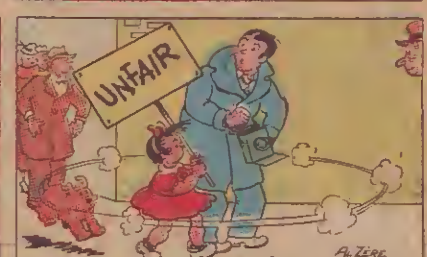
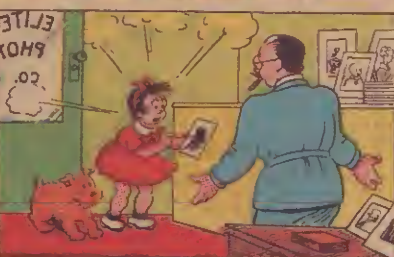
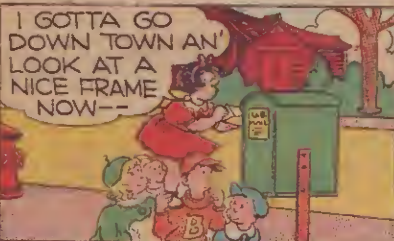
TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



FLOSSIE

by
AL ZERE



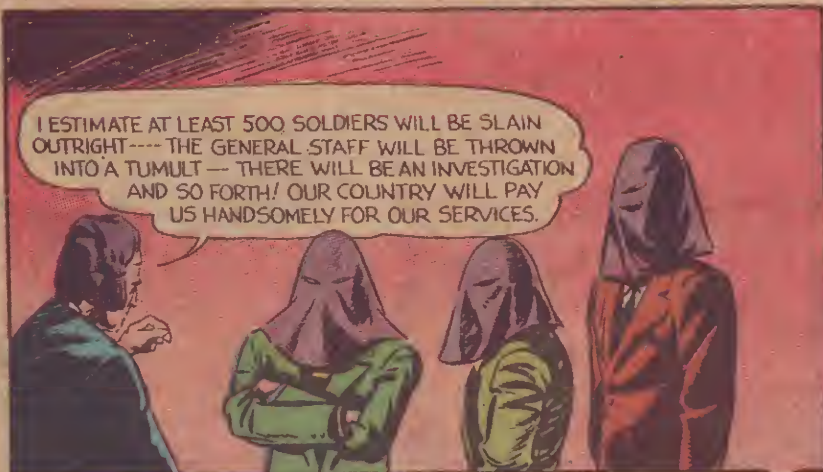
More of Toddy and Flossie in the February issue--on sale December 30th.

ESPIONAGE

A Complete 'Black X' Story
By Will Crown



MEN OF THE "PURPLE HOODS"—
IN TWO DAYS WE MAKE OUR FIRST
THRUST IN UNDERMINING THE MORALE
OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY! IT'S THE
BIG CHANCE OUR FOREIGN EMPLOYERS
HAVE WAITED FOR! AS THE 71ST
REGIMENT MARCHES OVER THAT
STRETCH OF ROAD BETWEEN MADDEN-
VILLE AND BOONTOWN IN TWO DAYS
A MIGHTY BLAST WILL BLOW MANY
OF THEM TO KINGDOM COME!



I ESTIMATE AT LEAST 500 SOLDIERS WILL BE SLAIN
OUTRIGHT--- THE GENERAL STAFF WILL BE THROWN
INTO A TUMULT --- THERE WILL BE AN INVESTIGATION
AND SO FORTH! OUR COUNTRY WILL PAY
US HANDSOMELY FOR OUR SERVICES.



THE MEETING IS ADJOURNED AND THE
LEADER ACCOMPANIES THE HOODED MEN
OUT...
OLAV, OUR AGENT, IS
WORKING WITH THE
CONSTRUCTION GANG ON
MADDEN ROAD-- MADAME
L'DARGE WILL CONTACT
YOU-- GOOD-
NIGHT



SOON THREE CARS SPEED ON THEIR
SEPERATE WAYS.....



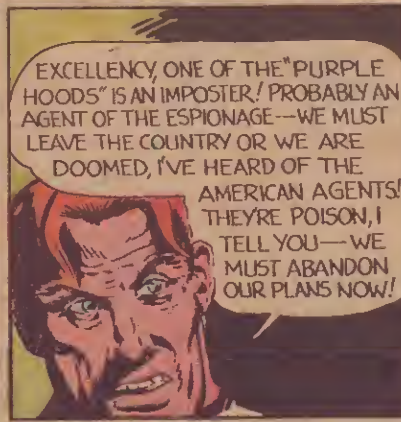
BACK AT THE HEADQUARTERS, THE LEAD-
ER OF THE "PURPLE HOOD" PREPARES TO
RETIRE



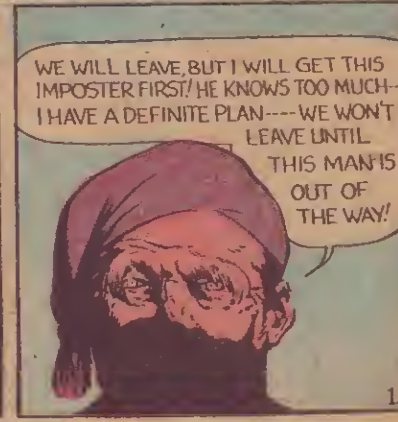
SUDDENLY A GROAN CALLS HIS ATTENTION
TO A CRUMPLED FIGURE IN THE HALLWAY.



SOMEONE HIT ME FROM
BEHIND--- TOOK MY
MASK!---OOOH, MY
HEAD!



EXCELLENCY, ONE OF THE "PURPLE
HOODS" IS AN IMPOSTER! PROBABLY AN
AGENT OF THE ESPIONAGE--WE MUST
LEAVE THE COUNTRY OR WE ARE
DOOMED, I'VE HEARD OF THE
AMERICAN AGENTS!
THEY'RE POISON, I
TELL YOU-- WE
MUST ABANDON
OUR PLANS NOW!



WE WILL LEAVE, BUT I WILL GET THIS
IMPOSTER FIRST! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH--
I HAVE A DEFINITE PLAN--- WE WON'T
LEAVE UNTIL
THIS MAN IS
OUT OF
THE WAY!

IN THE APARTMENT OF THE "BLACK X"...

MASTER,
YOU
SUMMONED
ME...

EH?--OH, YES, BATU, I'LL
NEVER GET USED
TO YOUR MENTAL
TELEPATHY--YES--
I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU.

LAST NIGHT, I ATTENDED A MEETING OF
THE "PURPLE HOODS"---- THEY MUST
BE DESTROYED!---
THEY'VE CALLED
ANOTHER MEETING
TONIGHT!

THEY ARE VERY STUPID TO BELIEVE
THAT I'M NOT AWARE OF THEIR SUS-
PICIONS OF ME-- WE ARE NOT PER-
MITTED TO CALL IN THE POLICE TO
HELP US-- WE MUST DO IT ALONE!
MEET ME AT THE OLD WATER-
FRONT HOUSE, 12
SOUTH STREET--

THAT NIGHT...

WHO--
WHO ARE
YOU?

I, MADAME L'DARGE, AM THE
"BLACK X", EVEN THOUGH
MY FACE IS HIDDEN BY BLACK
GREASE PAINT--YOUR CAREER
IS AT AN END--PICK UP THE
"PHONE!"

NOW, CALL THE POLICE
AND INFORM THEM
YOU ARE BEING
ROBBED BY THE
"BLACK X"--THAT
WILL MAKE
THEM HURRY!

NOW, I'LL OPEN THIS
SAFE, SMASH THE
LOCK, TO MAKE THIS
LOOK LIKE A REAL
ROBBERY--

WHEN THE POLICE COME, YOU'LL HAVE
TO ANSWER A LOT OF EMBARRASSING
QUESTIONS, I ADVISE YOU TO
LEAVE THIS COUNTRY
IMMEDIATELY--
GOODNIGHT!

OH-OH--
THE POLICE HAVE
ALREADY ARRIVED--WE
CERTAINLY HAVE
EFFICIENT POLICE!

HEY, YOU!

PLEASANT
DREAMS!

AND NOW, TO ATTEND TO
THE FINAL MEETING OF THE
"PURPLE HOODS"



GENTLEMEN, ONE OF YOU IS AN IMPOSTER--- THE HOUSE IS LOCKED AND NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL I KNOW WHO THE "BLACK X" IS!

THAT SEEMS THE LOGICAL THING TO DO--



I, GENTLEMEN, AM THE "BLACK X"--- SURPRISED?



AND I WILL UNMASK THESE TWO---
AHH! MORGAN OF THE ARMY, AND
WILLARD OF THE SENATE!



YOU WILL NEVER
LIVE TO TELL A
SOUL WHAT YOU'VE
JUST LEARNED!!



MORGAN FIRES, BUT HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED--
HE DROPS WITH A KNIFE IN HIS
ARM.....



THANKS, BATU--- COME NOW, GENTLEMEN,
THE GAMES UP! MADAME L'DARGE IS
IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE--YOUR
LITTLE SCHEME IS
ENDED!



NOT QUITE, MY MONOCLED FRIEND,
NOT QUITE!!



THERE, MY FRIENDS! BE
PREPARED TO MEET YOUR
MAKER-- YOU SEE, THIS LEADS
TO THE RIVER, WHEN THE
TIDE COMES IN YOU'LL
DROWN LIKE RATS!



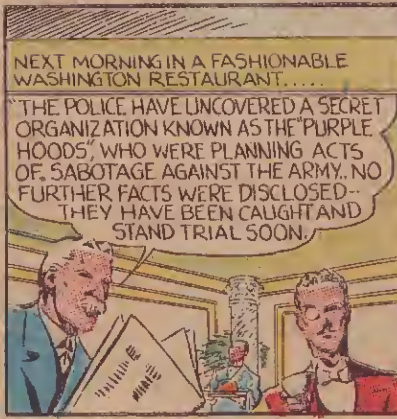
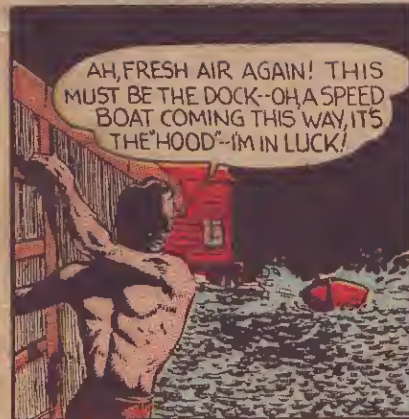
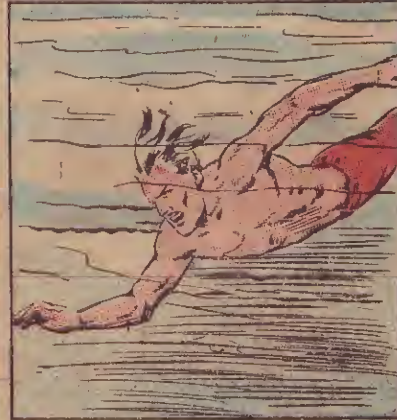
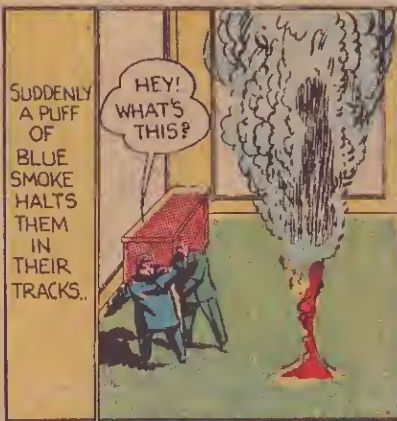
WHEW! NICE
THOUGHT--WE
STAND HERE
HELPLESS--
WHILE THEY
ESCAPE!

PERHAPS, MASTER,
AIDED BY THE POWERS
OF THE EAST--I CAN
STOP THEM!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE ABOVE THEM.

HURRY, MAN! I HAVE A SPEED-
BOAT WAITING AT THE DOCK!



LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HEY YOU! GET UP AN' LET THIS KID SIT DOWN!!



I'VE GOT TO STOP AT THE TAILOR'S AN' GET MY DRESS SUIT FOR SIR ERIC'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY TONIGHT--

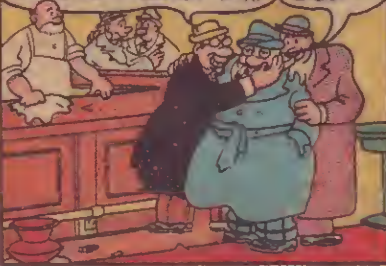


HOWDY, VINCENT! YOU GOTTA STOP AN' CHAT AWHILE NOW-- SEEIN' IT'S NEW YEARS



CAN'T STOP LONG-- I'M IN A HURRY, JOE!

VINCE, I ALWAYS SAID THAT THERE'S NOBODY LIKE YA!!



AW SHUCKS JOE--



DOWN BY THE OL' MILL STREAM

AW, STAY AWHILE LONGER, PAL!

NO--I'M LATE NOW, JOE!



YOU'RE HERE AT LAST!! QUICK, GET YOUR DRESS CLOTHES ON RIGHT AWAY!!

GOSH!! I FORGOT TO GET MY DRESS SUIT FROM THE TAILOR'S!!



I'LL PUT IT ON IN THE SHOP!

HIVES, STOP AT THE TAILOR'S ON THE WAY.

YES, MISS LALA!!



LOOK! THE TAILOR IS CLOSED!!

MAYBE I CAN CLIMB IN A WINDOW!



HOW ARE YOU DOING, VINCENT?

IF THE REST OF ME GETS THROUGH I'M OKAY, SIS!

HAW! CAUGHT IN THE ACT, EH?



BUT OFFICER-- I FORGOT TO CALL FOR--

YEAH, WE'RE WATCHIN' FER YOU HOLIDAY BURGLARS!!



SIR ERIC, LALA PALOOZA PHONED, SHE'S DETAINED AT 240 CENTER STREET--

GOOD! THIS PARTY'S A FLOP HERE-- WE'LL ALL GO OVER THERE



MERCY! HERE COMES SIR ERIC AND HIS GUESTS! OH-- WE'RE DISGRACED!!



I HAVEN'T HAD SUCH FUN SINCE THE KING'S CORONATION!!

AN' I AIN'T HAD SICH FUN SINCE I LEFT REFORM SCHOOL

VINCENT, YOU SAVED THE PARTY!!

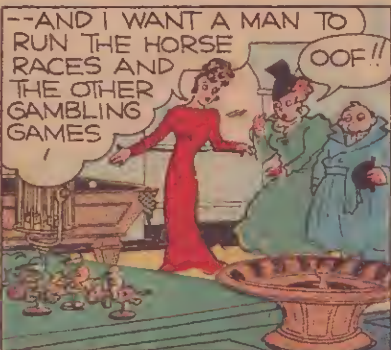
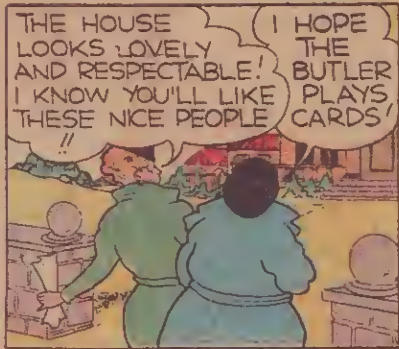
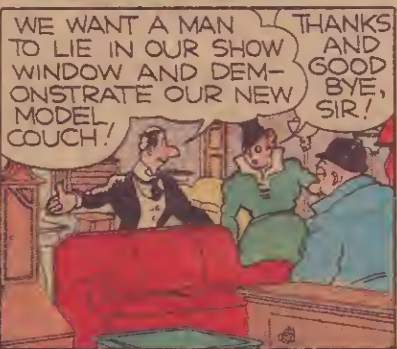
LALA PALOOZA

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HELLO VINCENT--WHY THE EARMUFFS, SMOKED GLASSES AND THE CLOTHESPIN?

OH, MY WILL POWER NEEDS A BIT OF SUPPORT TO HELP ME KEEP MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS !!

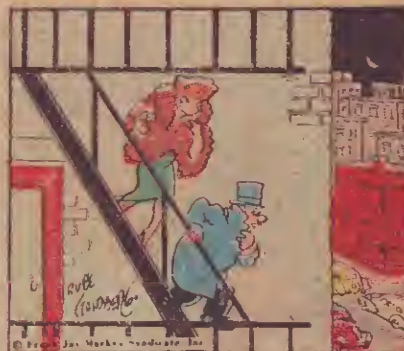
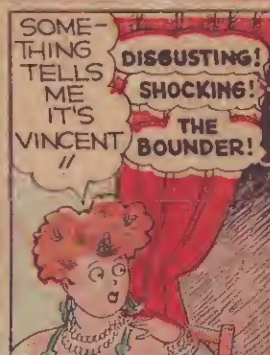
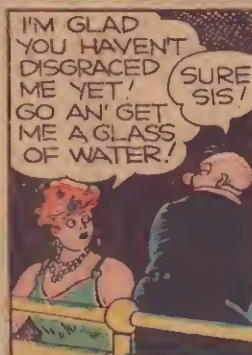
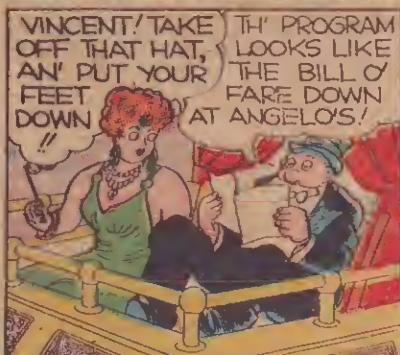
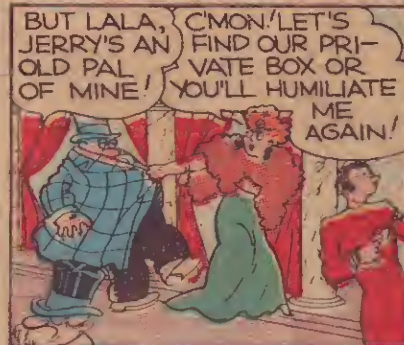
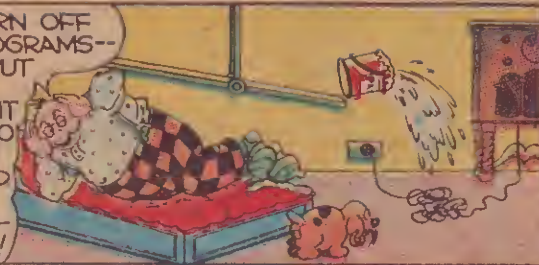


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PA LALA LOOZA

by ROBE GOLDBERG
Registered U. S. Patent Office

THIS IS HOW TO TURN OFF
OPERATIC RADIO PROGRAMS--
AS OPERA STARTS I PUT
HANDS TO EARS---
SPILLING WHITE PAINT
ON TANGLED RADIO
WIRE-- SPAGHETTI
HOUND IS FOOLED
AND EATS WIRE
FOR SPAGHETTI--
THIS STOPS RADIO!



Lala Palooza

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office



VINCENT'S WAY OF CLOSING AN OVERFLOWING BAG. PILE OF CLOTHES TOUCHES BEAM, EXPOSING A PEANUT-- THE ELEPHANT GETTING PEANUT STEPS ON BAG CLOSING IT!!



HERE ARE YOUR TICKETS MADAM--THE BOAT SAILS AT FIVE O'CLOCK.



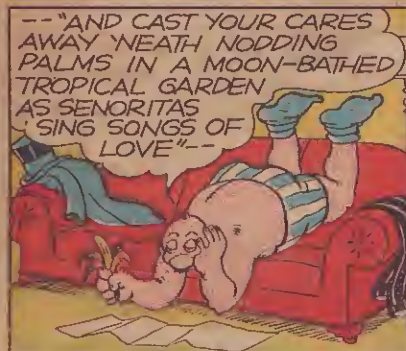
VINCENT, WE MUST HURRY HOME AND PACK--TAKE CARE OF THESE TICKETS!

OKAY LALA--I'LL PUT 'EM IN MY INSIDE POCKET TO BE SAFE!



VINCENT, WEAR YOUR CUTAWAY AND STRIPED TROUSERS--THE SWIVELS WILL BE ON BOARD!

OKAY SIS!



--"AND CAST YOUR CARES AWAY 'NEATH NODDING PALMS IN A MOON-BATHED TROPICAL GARDEN AS SENORITAS 'SING SONGS OF LOVE"--



VINCENT, STOP THAT NONSENSE AND GET DRESSED! I MUST GET THOSE TRUNKS OFF!!

LA CUCARACHA



YOU KIN PICK THESE UP ON THE DOCK, LADY!

FINE!! THERE'S TWELVE IN ALL!

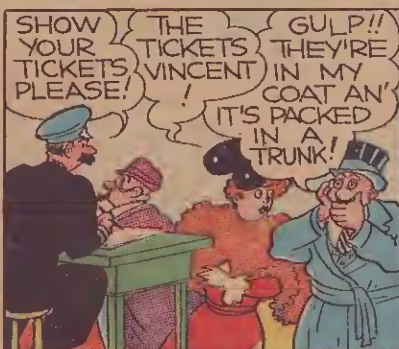
D'YOU THINK THOSE SPANISH GALS WILL LIKE ME?



HURRY VINCENT, I HEAR THE BOAT'S WHISTLE !!

KEEP THE CHANGE, BUDDY!!

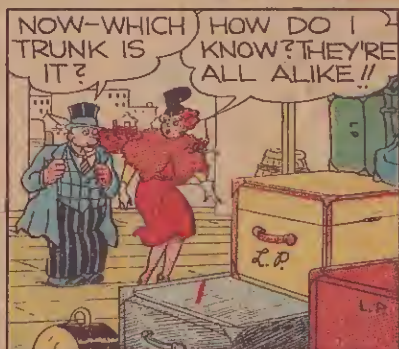
TO PIER



SHOW YOUR TICKETS PLEASE!

THE TICKETS VINCENT!

GULP!! THEY'RE IN MY COAT AN' IT'S PACKED IN A TRUNK!



NOW--WHICH TRUNK IS IT?

HOW DO I KNOW? THEY'RE ALL ALIKE!!



OH DEAR! MY LOVELY THINGS THROWN AROUND THIS DIRTY OLD DOCK!

SIS, AFTER THIS LET'S TRAVEL WITH ONE SUITCASE!!



WOW! I GOT 'EM SIS!!

LOOK--THE BOAT'S LEFT!



HURRY! THE SHIP IS WAY DOWN THE BAY!

IT'S A FINE TIME T'LEARN YA CAN'T START THAT COFFEE GRINDER !!

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CONTINUED

More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the February issue--on sale December 30th.

THE TRIAL OF BENTON, SLIM AND TUBBY RACES ALONG AT EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED--

YOUR HONOR, WE'VE PROVED OUR CASE---- THE STATE RESTS!



THE JUDGE NOW CALLS FOR THE FIRST WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE----

I REGRET THAT THE DEFENSE HAS NO WITNESS, YOUR HONOR!



JUST A MINUTE! I'VE SEEN THIS JELLY-FISH TATE SQUIRMIN' AWAY FROM THE FIGHT LONG ENOUGH! I WANT TO SPEAK HERE!!



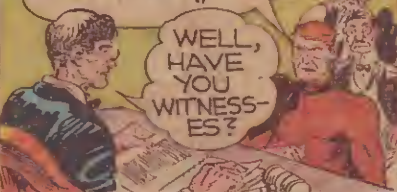
MR. BENTON, THIS IS UNUSUAL! YOU HAVE A LAWYER HERE AND--



NO! TATE HAS FUMBLERD OUR CASE FROM THE START!



THAT FOOL SAYS WE HAVE NO WITNESS AND NO DEFENSE!! WELL, I'M NOT BEING SENT TO JAIL THAT EASY!!



WELL, HAVE YOU WITNESS-ES?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME AS A WITNESS?



ALL RIGHT, MR. BENTON -- YOU MAY PROCEED!!



CAN BENTON HELP HIS CASE?

WELL, WE'VE BEEN RANCHERS HERE FOR YEARS AN' HIGHLY RESPECTED! NOBODY HAS EVER ACCUSED US OF DISHONESTY



--THAT MAN WHO SAYS HE SAW US IS PLENTY WRONG -- WE WERE MILES AWAY



NEARLY HOME, WHEN THE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE!!

--THEY DIDN'T FIND OUR FINGERPRINTS AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE-- WHERE'S THE MONEY?? AND WHO WROTE US TELLIN' US TO BE THERE THAT NIGHT?



SWELL, BENTON!!

YOUR HONOR AN' GENTLEMEN--- YOU'VE HEARD THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT MAN-- THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY!



HAVE YOU FINISHED, MR. BENTON?



NOW, WE'LL HEAR THE FINAL ARGUMENTS AND THEN GIVE THE CASE TO THE JURY---



BENTON, YOU WERE TERRIFIC!! NOW WE HAVE A CHANCE!



OH--I DON'T GET MUCH HOPE WHEN I LOOK AT THAT JURY!



THE PROSECUTOR GIVES HIS FINAL ARGUMENT--

-- IF WE'RE GOING TO STAMP OUT CRIME WE MUST SEND THESE OUTLAWS TO PRISON! JURY, IT'S UP TO YOU!



THE JUDGE GIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS---

AND MAKE YOUR DECISION ON THE MAIN ISSUE ALONE---



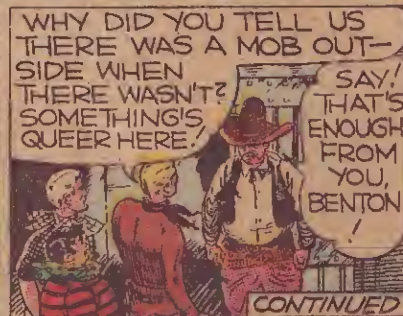
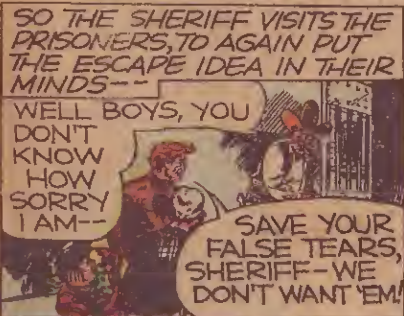
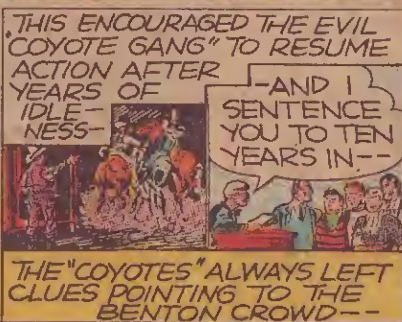
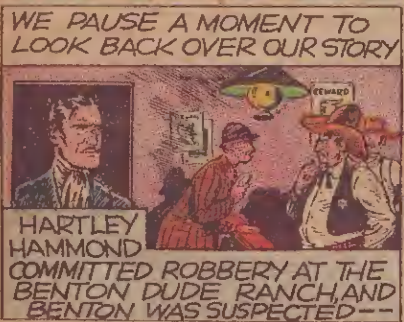
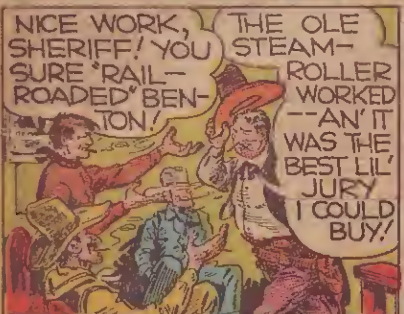
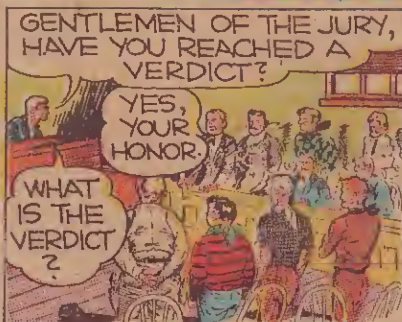
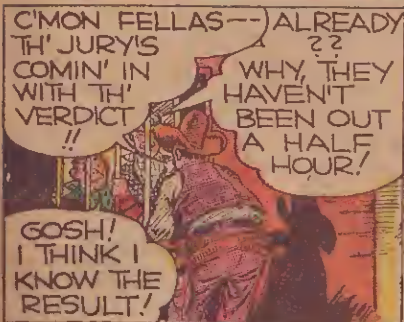
YOUR PURPOSE IS JUSTICE!

THE JURY RETIRES FOR "DELIBERATION"

GENTS-- I THINK WE SHOULD PLAY A BIT OF POKER BEFORE WE TAKE BACK OUR "GUILTY" VERDICT!!



YEAH! JUST T'MAKE IT LOOK ALL RIGHT!!



CLIP CHANCE

at

CLIFFSIDE

SCOTT
SHERIDAN

THE EAST TEAM IS 7 TO 5 TO BEAT
TH' WEST-- WE BET ALL TH' DOUGH
WE CAN GET ON TH' WEST TEAM TO
WIN--

YOU'RE NUTS,
COUNT ME
OUT--

YOU MEAN--
BUMP CHANCE
OFF--

NO, YA DOPE--
I MEAN KIDNAP
HIM AN' HOLD HIM
'TILL 'AFTER TH'
GAME--

I'M TELLIN' YA RED, WE CAN
CLEAN UP ON THIS GAME IF
WE WORK IT
RIGHT--

HOW?

LISTEN-- I GOT A PLAN---
WITH CHANCE OUTA TH' GAME,
THIS GUY
BERT BALL
CAN'T GET
STARTED--
GET IT?

GEE BUGS, THAT IS AN IDEA--
HOW'RE YOU GONNA WORK
IT--

EASY--

-- EVERY NIGHT HE TAKES A
WALK BEFORE GOIN' TO BED, SO
TONIGHT WE'LL LAY FOR HIM,
KNOCK HIM OUT AN'
DRIVE HIM OUT
TO TH' SHACK!--

THEN WE'LL
TURN HIM
LOOSE AFTER
THE GAME--
SIMPLE, EH!

AN' HOW!-- I'M GONNA
GO DOWN AN' GET A
LOAN OUT ON TH'
CAR, SO WE CAN
BET THAT MUCH
MORE--

LATER THAT NIGHT

ARE YA SURE HE COMES THIS WAY, BUGS?

SURE-I WATCHED HIM EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK---

HIM AN' BALL PASS HERE ON TH' WAY BACK TO TH' HOTEL-

YOU MEAN ANOTHER GUY IS GONNA BE WITH HIM?

YEAH, BUT WE'LL TAP HIM ON TH' CONK AN' LET HIM LAY--

BUGS, I THINK WE BITT OFF MORE THAN WE CAN 'CHEW - HANDLIN' TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS AIN'T GONNA BE NO PICNIC -

SHHHH - SOMEONE'S COMIN'-- IT'S CHANCE, --AN' HE'S ALONE -

GOOD-ARE, YA READY,

AND THE TWO GAMBLERS ARE ON CLIP LIKE A FLASH

WHAT TH'!! -

HOLD HIM, RED!

CLIP BREAKS AWAY AND LANDS A LEFT SQUARE ON BUGS JAW

UGH! RED! -- CRACK 'IM --

CRACK

HE'S OUT COLD, RED - GRAB HIS FEET AN' WE'LL PUT HIM IN TH' CAR --

C'MON RED, WE'LL GO DOWNTOWN AN' PUT OUR DOUGH ON TH' WEST TEAM-

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT CHANCE AN' SEE IF HE'S STILL TIED UP TIGHT-

DON'T GO IN THERE YA FOOL--- HE AINT SEEN OUR FACES YET --- WHAT D'YA WANT HIM T'DO- GIVE A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF US TO TH' POLICE --- C'MON---

AND CLIP, BOUND TO AN OLD STEAM PIPE, STRUGGLES IN VAIN TO BREAK HIS BONDS-

IT'S NO USE-

ALL EAST

--I'LL NEVER BREAK THESE ROPES --
--WHAT'S THIS ?? --RUST FROM THE PIPE --
MAYBE IT'LL WORK-

ALL EAST

CLIP STARTS TO WORK THE ROPES VIGOROUSLY UP AND DOWN THE ROUGH, RUSTY PIPE-

MEAN- WHILE, BACK IN THE HOTEL, BERT BALL REPORTS CLIPS ABSENCE TO TAD HOLT, COACH OF THE ALL EAST TEAM-

-IT'S NOT LIKE CLIP TO STAY OUT ALL NIGHT, COACH?

I KNOW IT, BERT --- HE'S PROBABLY A VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY---

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO STAND AROUND IDLE, I'M GOING OUT AND LOOK FOR HIM-

YOU'RE STAYING HERE, THE GAME IS ONLY TWO HOURS OFF AND THE TEAM IS WEAK ENOUGH WITHOUT LOSING YOU--I'LL CALL THE POLICE-

WHAT DID THEY SAY, COACH?

THEY'RE PUTTING MEN ON IT RIGHT AWAY---- BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'LL FIND CLIP IN TIME FOR THE GAME -

TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE EAST WEST GAME IS TO BEGIN COACH HOLT GIVES HIS TEAM FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

OKAY FELLOWS, GO OUT THERE AND FIGHT EVERY SECOND - AND YOU JENSON, ARE TAKING CLIP'S PLACE, THAT'S A BIG ORDER TO FILL, DO YOUR BEST--



AND JUST AS THE BIG GAME STARTS CLIP FREES HIMSELF

NOW, IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE I WAS--



OUTSIDE HE FLAGS THE FIRST CAR THAT PASSES BY-

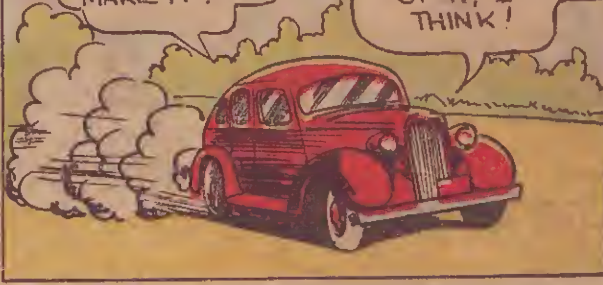
HOW FAR IS IT TO THE FRUIT BOWL, WHERE THE EAST AND WEST ARE PLAYING, MISTER?

ABOUT 45 MINUTES RIDE, SON, WHY?



I'M SUPPOSED TO PLAY IN THAT GAME, DO YOU THINK WE CAN MAKE IT?

WITH A LITTLE LUCK YOU'LL MAKE PART OF IT, I THINK!



AND TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE GAME IS OVER, CLIP REPORTS TO COACH HOLT-

CLIP!-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER, WHAT'S THE SCORE?



NOTHING, NOTHING, BERT CAN'T GET GOING - CAN YOU GO IN FOR THE LAST PLAY?

TRY AND STOP ME, COACH!



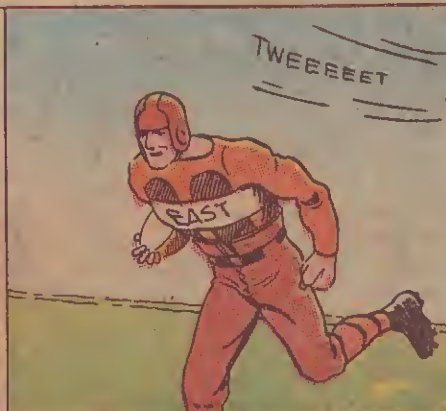
BERT GETS THE BALL FROM CENTER AND WITH CLIP RUNNING INTERFERENCE THEY START DOWN THE FIELD-

THAT'S THE STUFF WE NEEDED ALL ALONG, CLIP--



AND AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS, BERT CROSSES THE LINE FOR THE ONLY TOUCHDOWN OF THE GAME-

EAST-6
WEST-0



THE BARBARIAN . . . by Robert M. Hyatt

a tale of Sybaris and Macedon in the year 507.

"O friend, Lyceus will order thee to be thrown to the serpents—it is the death he prescribes for spies of Pythagoras. But fear not, nor lose hope. Kalvah has a plan. I have not the keys of the cells, but tonight Kalvah will undertake to release thee. Listen!" Melos cupped a hand to one ear. "'Tis the guard! I must go! Be of good cheer, friend!"

Melos was gone, then, like a fleeting shadow.

Dancing light drew near and a babel of voices, angry voices. There was a clank of armour and several agitated guards halted in front of the cell door.

"Where is he? Which way did he go?" they demanded. "Speak, wretch, and spare thyself the torture of a lost soul!"

The Macedonian, not knowing, said so.

"So the brave Kalvah is going to release thee tonight, eh?" sneered one of the guards. "Won't Lyceus be happy to hear that! Hasn't ever been held over red-hot stones—felt thy hair burn off first—then the skin sizzle and turn crisp? Ho-ho!"

Konar clung to the bars and a great dizziness seized him. They had overheard, by some trick, all that Melos and he had said. Now indeed his fate was dark. As the footsteps of the guards diminished down the gloomy tunnel, a horrible thought assailed Konar—was Melos a spy of Lyceus, after all?

The next hours were the worst Konar had ever spent. With his head whirling, he stumbled across his small cell, and not far from the opposite wall tripped and sprawled on the floor. His toe had caught in something that rattled with a ghastly sound. He reached out and touched—bones! Shuddering, he felt along the skeleton arm, his fingers at last touching a cold iron band attached to a chain. Some poor soul had died here. Well, this might well be his fate! But no; it would be worse than this!

He got to his feet and squared his shoulders. He was Konar, the son of Petrak, was he not? He was a Macedonian! He would die like a man, if the gods decreed. Like his own father would die when his time came!

But with this resolution, came another thought: He would not die! He would win out yet, save his father, take him back to Macedonia, to the green hills and the beloved city of his birth . . .

A sound startled him. It was a dull throbbing. It seemed to come from under his cell. He put his ear to the cold stones. *Thud-Thud*. He could feel the stones vibrate.

Joy such as he had never known surged through Konar. Rescue! Kalvah had come. He was digging under his cell. Apollo be praised! Apollo, god of the Sun, had not turned away . . .

A half hour passed. The thudding grew nearer, closer to the floor. Konar sat there, praying that some passing guard would not hear. Once one clanked along the corridor and paused to peer inside the cell. He grunted and passed on. And Konar gave fervent thanks that the thudding had miraculously ceased until the guard had disappeared.

After a moment he heard the tap of metal on stone. *Tap-tap-tap*. Then, a few inches further on, *tap-tap-tap*. Was it a signal? Konar tapped with a link of the chain that shackled the skeleton. The tap was repeated. Then he knew.

Suddenly he felt the stone under him tremble, lift a fraction of an inch. He slid off it, breathless with excitement. It lifted further, and he could see a crack of light.

"Hist, Konar!" came the sibilant whisper. Konar answered guardedly. "Then give a hand to this slab. We'll have thee out of there . . . Heave!"

Konar clutched the heavy stone and drew mightily. It raised. A rush of air came up. The light

went out below. Then a huge form clambered into the cell. It was Kalvah. In the wan glow from the passage Konar could see his red beard flaring.

"Quick! Down with thee!"

Konar had hardly put his feet into the hole when there was a sneering laugh from the cell door. Then a sharp command rang out. Instantly a rush of feet pounded along the outer corridor.

Red Beard gave Konar a great shove and almost trampled upon him as he plunged into the darkness of the subterranean hole, and let the stone fall back.

"Make haste, friend!" cried Kalvah. "They'll turn the waters on us and we'll drown like rats!"

Konar was making haste, such as the narrowness of the tunnel permitted. Red Beard pushed against him from behind. Suddenly the big man gasped and Konar heard a sound that froze his blood. Water! A torrent of it rushing into the tunnel behind them! It roared upon them, splashed around their ankles, rose to their hips with alarming rapidity.

"By Zeus!" exclaimed Kalvah, "we're doomed unless we get out of here quickly! Breathe not, friend, for the water is poisonous."

The lethal water had reached above their thighs. It impeded their progress. Konar's head swam. Dark specks shot before his eyes. His lungs were bursting. A great roaring was in his head. He felt himself falling—falling . . .

A burning thirst was Konar's first sensation when he came out of the death-like stupor that had overcome him in the tunnel. A burning thirst and a loud ringing in his ears. The ringing gradually faded. He opened his eyes. Dark rafters were above him, and nearby a wall of rushes, like that of a poor herder's hut. On the wall above his cot, catching the guttering glow of a candle, he could see shields and implements of war. He turned his head.

"Ho, lad! Awake? Verily, thou art the heaviest sleeper in all Sybaris!"

A man of gigantic stature stood grinning down at him. White teeth gleamed and a deep chuckle caused the monstrous black beard to stir like firs in a gale.

"Who—who are thou?" Konar asked, blinking the fog out of his eyes.

"Ha!" boomed the big man. "Dost not recognize me? Then the disguise is good!" Lowering his voice, the giant went on: "I am Golah, lad—one time known as Kalvah of the Red Beard. Thou wilt note that the beard is dyed black now."

"Oh!" said Konar. "Then we escaped—"

"By a whisker of the prophet only. But look thou, Macedonian, I am as dead as if I floated in the River Crathis even now. As thou art dead also. Aye, Konar, we art both dead—to all Sybaris!"

Konar sat up, a quizzical look on his face.

"I mean," said Golah, "that we are thought to have died. We must carry on the deception if we are to rescue thy father, Petrak. I have arranged with Bal, the king's war-archon, to have charge of the Royal Stables. Thou, Konar, art my chattel. I captured thee on the plains of Asia." Kalvah, who was now Golah, grinned broadly. "Thou art a yellow boy, a barbarian—or soon wilt be—groom of the king's horse guard."

The humor of the situation struck Konar. "And what name have I, good Golah?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, we must give thee a suitable name. Let me think."

Konar said, "How about Shan-lo? That seems a fitting name for one who comes from Asia."

Golah clapped his palms together. "Shan-lo it is! And now, may the gods watch over the souls of Konar and Kalvah—"

"And give strength and good fortune to Golah and Shan-lo," Konar supplied.

Three months passed without incident. Konar, now Shan-lo, before taking up his duties as groom to the king's chargers, stained his entire body a yellowish-brown with

the oil of walnuts. His slightly slanting eyes and prominent cheek bones carried out the disguise perfectly. To the closest observer he was an Asiatic. He had developed a fair accent to complete the subterfuge.

Shan-lo's great love for horses helped him considerably in caring for the thousand magnificent steeds that comprised Lyceus' Royal Guard, backbone of his army. Arabian, nearly all of them, with the super-intelligence of the desert-bred horse, they responded nobly to his kindness. This was natural. They were accustomed to abuse and blows by their Helot slave tenders, and beatings by their masters. Shan-lo talked to them, stroked their muzzles, and gave them extra helpings of grain. And they came to love him.

One day, while practicing on his lute, which by some miracle he had retained, he bethought him of a plan. Going to the stall of a particularly spirited stallion, he played a soft note on the instrument. The big horse flattened his ears, snorted, and pawed the ground. Yes, the charger acted in the same manner as he had seen a horse do in a traveling circus years before in Phrygia.

He played a shrill note. The effect was startling. The stallion reared and plunged, neighing in a peculiar blast. Others in the long row of stalls heard the lute and re-

acted similarly. For a moment pandemonium reigned. But Shan-lo, quickly hiding his lute, went along the mangers, speaking softly to the animals. Soon they became quiet. From that experience, a great idea was born in Shan-lo's mind.

During this time, Shan-lo had only meager reports concerning his father. Golah, as second war-archon of Lyceus, had quarters in the officers' barracks, as befitting his rank. He had little opportunity of visiting his young protegee. With each of his visits, however, he reported great gains in the numbers of the Noble Cult. In a few months, he told Shan-lo, they hoped to strike a crushing blow against Sybaris and overthrow the tyrannical government of Lyceus. It was their plan to put Petrak on the throne.

Shan-lo often wondered how his father felt about this idea. If only he might see his parent! But so far this was out of the question. Petrak was incarcerated in the fearful Place of the Devils, an almost impregnable cave far up in the hills above Sybaris. Here, it was said, huge serpents guarded the entrance and held frightful snake orgies in a vast pit. Here too were thrown the hapless victims convicted of being Pythagoras spies.

Continued in the February
Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES
on sale December 30th.



REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART
PINAJIAN

THAT'LL BE SOME
CEREMONY
TONIGHT
WON'T IT
HANSA?

YES, JIM-
CHIEF TOTEM
WILL SPEAK!

SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS OF THE ROYAL
CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE
IS VISITING HIS FRIEND HANSA, A
MEMBER OF THE CREE INDIAN TRIBE.

GOSH-WHAT A
SIGHT! IT'S GREAT!

LISTEN-VOICE
WILL SPEAK!

THAT
NIGHT

ALL CREE BRAVES
WILL NOW PLACE
THEIR FURS IN
FRONT OF TOTEM-
FAILURE TO OBEY
MEANS DEATH!
THE VOICE HAS
SPOKEN!

HANSA-THERE'S
SOMETHING FUNNY
ABOUT THAT
VOICE!

VOICE IS THAT OF
MALA, SON OF GREAT
DEPARTED CHIEF-HE
WAS SENT TO RULE
CREE TRIBE!

TELL ME
SOME MORE
ABOUT THE
VOICE, HANSA.

AT EVERY CEREMONY VOICE
COMMANDS BRAVES TO PAY
TRIBUTE WITH FURS-NEXT
DAY FURS ARE GONE! WITCH
DOCTOR NIKATO SAY TOTEM
SEND FURS TO DEPARTED
CHIEF FOR USE IN HAPPY
HUNTING GROUND!

I WONDER WHY NIKATO
LIVES IN THIS CAVE BELOW
THE VILLAGE-IT LOOKS
LIKE NOBODY'S
IN! GUESS
I'LL LOOK
AROUND!

BUT AS
REYNOLDS
ENTERS-

THE NEXT DAY REYNOLDS VISITS THE
HOME OF NIKATO THE WITCH DOCTOR.



SO-NIKATO DOESN'T WANT VISITORS, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



GOSH-THIS PLACE IS DEEPER THAN I THOUGHT- I WONDER WHERE IT LEADS TO! SAY--WHAT'S THAT? STEPS-LEADING UP TO A DOOR!

HIDING THE UNCONSCIOUS INDIAN BEHIND THE TOTEM POLE, REYNOLDS GOES DEEPER INTO THE CAVE....

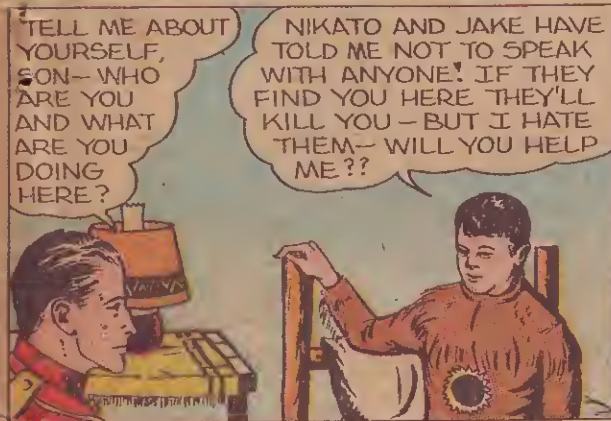


HM-M-A NICELY DECORATED ROOM-MUST BE NIKATO'S! WHAT'S THAT ON THE BED OVER THERE?



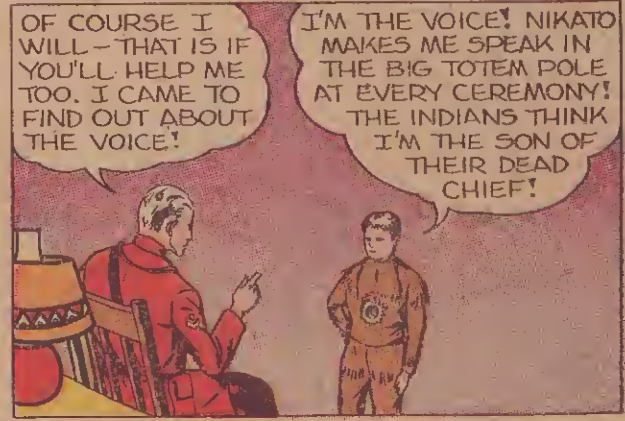
WHO IS IT? OH-IT'S ONLY... HEY-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE-YOU CAN'T COME....

GREAT SCOTT- IT'S A WHITE BOY! TAKE IT EASY SON I'M A FRIEND!



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, SON- WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

NIKATO AND JAKE HAVE TOLD ME NOT TO SPEAK WITH ANYONE! IF THEY FIND YOU HERE THEY'LL KILL YOU - BUT I HATE THEM-- WILL YOU HELP ME??



OF COURSE I WILL- THAT IS IF YOU'LL HELP ME TOO. I CAME TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE VOICE!

I'M THE VOICE! NIKATO MAKES ME SPEAK IN THE BIG TOTEM POLE AT EVERY CEREMONY! THE INDIANS THINK I'M THE SON OF THEIR DEAD CHIEF!



WHAT'S THAT?

LISTEN-FOOTSTEPS! QUICK-HIDE BEHIND THAT CURTAIN! I'LL GET BACK IN BED AND PRETEND I'M ASLEEP!

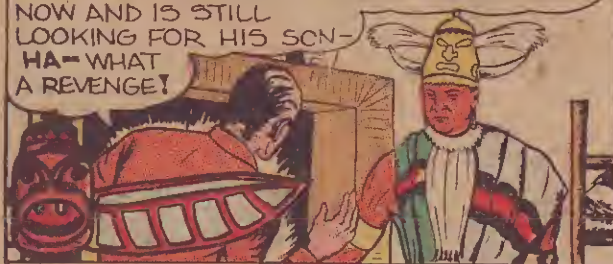


NIKATO, YOU KNOW I HAVE A LARGE GAMBLING DEBT TO PAY UP- WE'VE GOT TO GET MORE FURS- TONIGHT THE VOICE MUST SPEAK AGAIN!

NO, JAKE - BRAVES WILL SUSPECT TRICK! WE MUST WAIT ONE MONTH!

AS REYNOLDS HIDES, TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM.

THE KID'S ASLEEP, EH? GOOD - I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A SECRET, NIKATO. YEARS AGO I WAS PROSPECTING WITH JOHN BRADFORD - HE STRUCK IT RICH - I DIDN'T - IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY I SEIZED HIS SON BILLY AND RAN AWAY! BRADFORD IS VERY WEALTHY NOW AND IS STILL LOOKING FOR HIS SON - HA - WHAT A REVENGE!



WHEN WE CAME HERE YOU MADE THE TRIBE BELIEVE BILLY'S VOICE WAS THAT OF MALA, YOUR DEAD CHIEF'S SON - SO FAR WE'VE BEEN SPLITTING THE PROFITS FROM THE SALE OF THE FURS BUT FROM NOW ON I GET **ALL** - DO YOU HEAR?? - AND THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER CEREMONY TONIGHT - OR I'LL KILL YOU!



GET AWAY FROM THAT MAN - PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

THE LAW - OUR SECRET IS OUT - WE ARE LOST!

WHAT TH' - A MOUNTIE!



SO YOU'RE JAKE MORAN THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED YEARS AGO AT THE SAME TIME BRADFORD'S SON WAS KIDNAPPED - THAT MADE HEADLINES FOR QUITE A WHILE, MORAN!

I HEARD EVERYTHING, JAKE!



COME ON, KID - WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

BUT ONE OF NIKATO'S GUARDS SILENTLY CREEPS UP BEHIND REYNOLDS AND....



DO NOT GO NOW - IF TRIBE FINDS VOICE GONE THEY WILL KILL NIKATO!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME, NIKATO - AND YOU'D BETTER KILL THE MOUNTIE! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! OKAY, KID - CLIMB!



THANKS NIKATO - WHICH WAY DO YOU THINK HE WENT?

HE HAS A CANOE HIDDEN BY THE RIVER! QUICK - CLIMB UP LADDER - IT WILL LEAD INTO TOTEM AND A WAY OUT!

THE ANGERED WITCH DOCTOR QUICKLY REVIVES REYNOLDS.



SO THIS IS HOW THEY WORKED IT - THIS SECRET DOOR WAS USED AFTER THE CEREMONY TO TAKE IN THE FURS!



STEP ON IT, HANSA—
WE CAN'T LET
MORAN GET
AWAY!



WITH THE AID OF HANSA, REYNOLDS
SETS OUT ON JAKE MORAN'S TRAIL

THERE THEY
GO!



GOSH—BUT THIS
IS A DANGEROUS
RIVER, HANSA!

STOP, MORAN
OR I'LL FIRE!

DON'T BLUFF ME
MOUNTIE— YOU WOULDN'T
SHOOT FOR FEAR OF
HITTING THE KID!

LOOKOUT,
JAKE!



GET MORAN—
I'M GOING AFTER
THE KID!



WHERE'S
MORAN,
HANSA?

HE WAS KNOCKED
UNCONSCIOUS AND
DIDN'T COME UP!

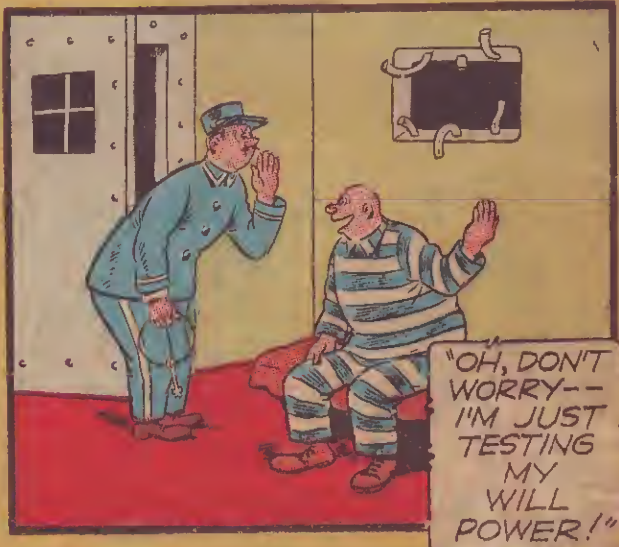
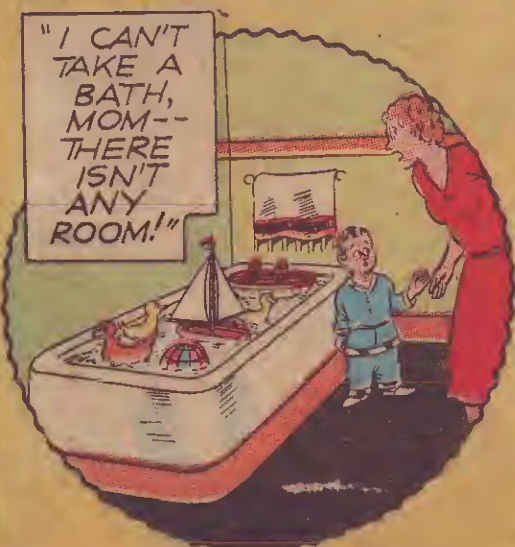
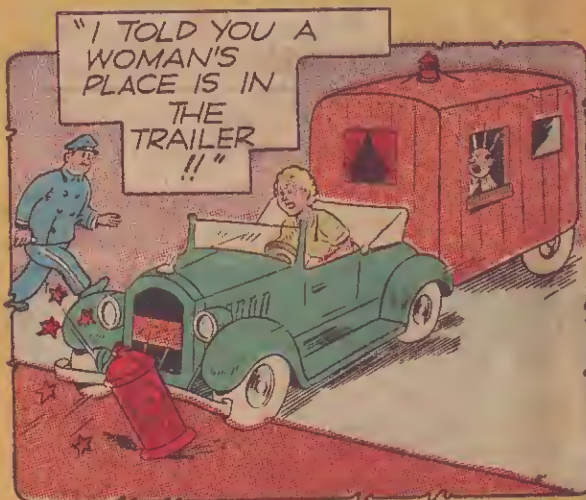
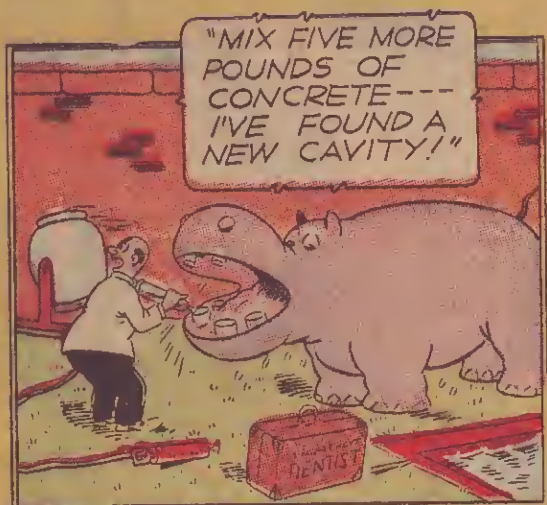
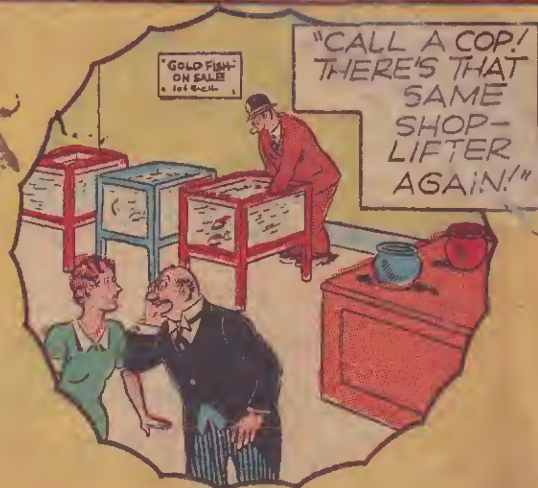
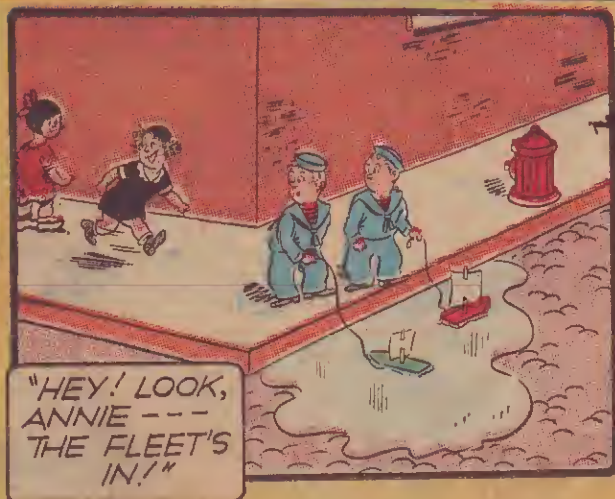


AS SOON AS WE ARE DRIED, BILLY, WE
START ON A JOURNEY WHICH WILL MEAN
A NEW LIFE FOR YOU—THAT OF
BILLY BRADFORD!

GEE—THAT'S
SWELL!



OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED.



NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOUR UNCLE PHIL MADE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION MICHAEL—HE'S GOING TO BE KIND AND GENEROUS TO EVERYONE

GOLLY MA—THAT'S WONDERFUL

BUT UNCLE PHIL—I WOULDA HELPED YA SHOVEL IT!

NOW, NOW MICHAEL—FORGET IT!! IT'S ALL DONE!

WHY PHILIP, I COULD HAVE BROUGHT UP THAT COAL!!

OH—I WANTED TO BE SURE YOU HAD ENOUGH UP BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE LODGE!

I SURE APPRECIATE YOU HELPIN' ME DELIVER THE MAIL, PHIL!

AW—I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST THIS TIME OF THE YEAR!

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU'RE BUYIN' ???

I AM—SET 'EM UP FOR EVERYBODY

BUT BROTHER FINN—THE LODGE THOUGHT THAT YOU WANTED TO BE OUR NEXT PRES-IDENT!

MY FRIENDS—I DO NOT FEEL THAT I HAVE THE ABILITY TO HOLD THE OFFICE!

YOU'RE GOIN' HOME EARLY—AINTCHA PHIL?

YES—I WANTA GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST—I'M LOOKIN' FOR A JOB IN THE MORNIN'!!

SAY MISTER—WILL YA BUY ME A CUP OF COFFEE—I'M STARVIN AN COLD!!

FOLLOW ME, MY GOOD MAN!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME, BOSS!

STOP TALKIN' AND EAT THAT STEAK!

ARE YA REALLY GONNA LET ME BUNK IN YOUR HOUSE?

SURE! YOU'LL SHARE MY BED!



MICHAEL! GET UP AND CLOSE THE WINDOW!

GEE—I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A DREAM!

NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!

NIPPIE, TEACHER
SAID WE'RE NOT
TO TRY TO CLOSE
WINDOWS WHEN
SHE'S NOT HERE!

AW-DON'T
WORRY—
I CAN
CLOSE
IT!!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

GOSH MA--
IS UNCLE PHIL
GONNA LEAD
A DIVISON
IN HIS LODGES
PARADE
TODAY?

YES--HE TOLD
THEM IF HE
WASNT
PICKED HED
RESIGN!



B-BUT THAT
MEANS HELL
HAFTA RIDE
A HORSE!!

OH, MR.
CLANCY
TOLD ME
THEY WERE
GIVING HIM A
GENTLE ONE--
HURRY NOW SO
WE CAN SEE
HIM!



SAY CLANCY!!
HOW CAN I
LOOK DIGNIFIED
ON A NAG
LIKE THIS?

YOU WOULD
EVEN LOOK
BAD ON
MAN-O-WAR
--NOW GET IN
LINE--WE'RE
STARTIN'!!



GOLLY--WE
GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME
--HERE IT
COMES!!

DOESNT MR.
CLANCY
LOOK
FINE!



MR. HOULIHAN
IS LEADING THE
NEXT DIVISON
--LOOK!

HE RIDES
VERY WELL
HE USED
TO BE A
COACHMAN!



NOW HERE'S
THE THIRD
DIVISION WITH
MR. FINNEGAN
IN FRONT!

WONT HIS
LITTLE GIRL
BE PROUD
OF HIM!



THIS NEXT
DIVISION IS
WAY BEHIND--
SOMETHIN' MUST
HAVE HELD
'EM UP!!

SOMETHING
TELLS ME
THIS IS THE
ONE YOUR
UNCLE IS
LEADING--YES--
HERE HE COMES!



NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN WRONG—

DON'T RUN TO THE SWIMMING POOL NIPPIE — THE TILE IS SLIPPERY

ANY—IT WON'T BOTHER ME! C'MON, WE'LL RACE

SWIMMING POOL



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

BUT UNCLE PHIL—WHY DYA WANTA GO IN TO THE AUCTION UNLESS YA BUY SOMETHIN'?

OH—I JUST LIKE TO HAVE FUN BIDDING UP THE PRICES!



HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED FOR THIS MAGNIFICENT OIL PAINTING—DO I HEAR ONE DOLLAR?

A DOLLAR AND A HALF



I'LL BID A DOLLAR

TWO DOLLARS

THREE

TWO AND A HALF



THREE DOLLARS BID!! WHO'LL SAY THREE FIFTY?!—GOING AT THREE DOLLARS—GOING AT THREE—



SOLD!! FOR THREE DOLLARS—TO THE MAN IN THE DERBY HAT!



GEE UNCLE PHIL, WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO WITH IT?

WHY, I'LL SELL IT TO ABE ORKIN! HE BUYS SECOND HAND STUFF



LOOK—SO WHY SHOULD I BUY IT?



IT WOULD LOOK SWELL OVER THE BAR, CLANCY—I'LL LET YA HAVE IT FOR A HALF A BUCK!

NAW! I MIGHT TAKE IT IF IT WAS JACK DEMPSEY!



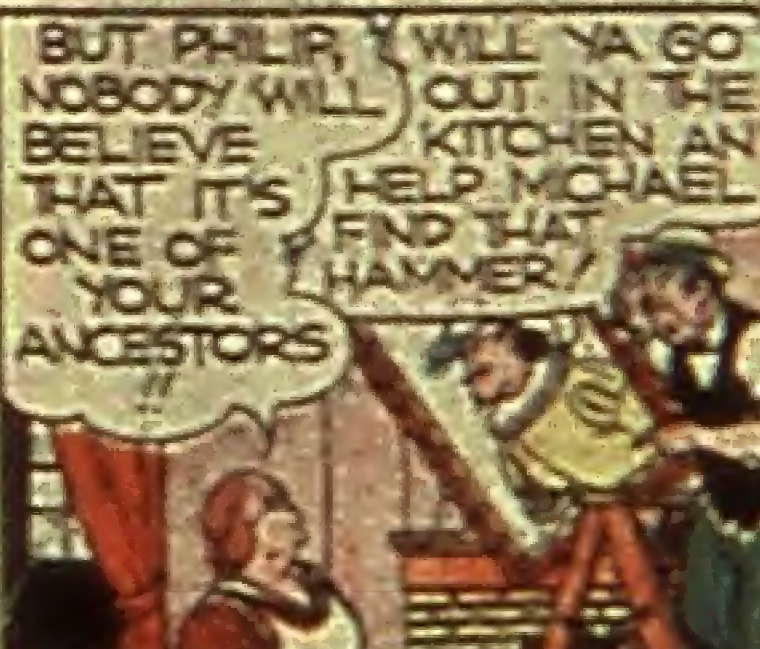
BROTHER FINN HAS DONATED THIS OIL PAINTING TO THE LODGE—DO WE WANT IT?

NO!



BUT PHILIP, NOBODY WILL BELIEVE THAT IT'S ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS

WILL YA GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AN' HELP MICHAEL FIND THAT HAMMER!



IT AINT IN HIS DRAWER MA!

MAYBE IT'S DOWN IN THE CELLAR—I THINK I—



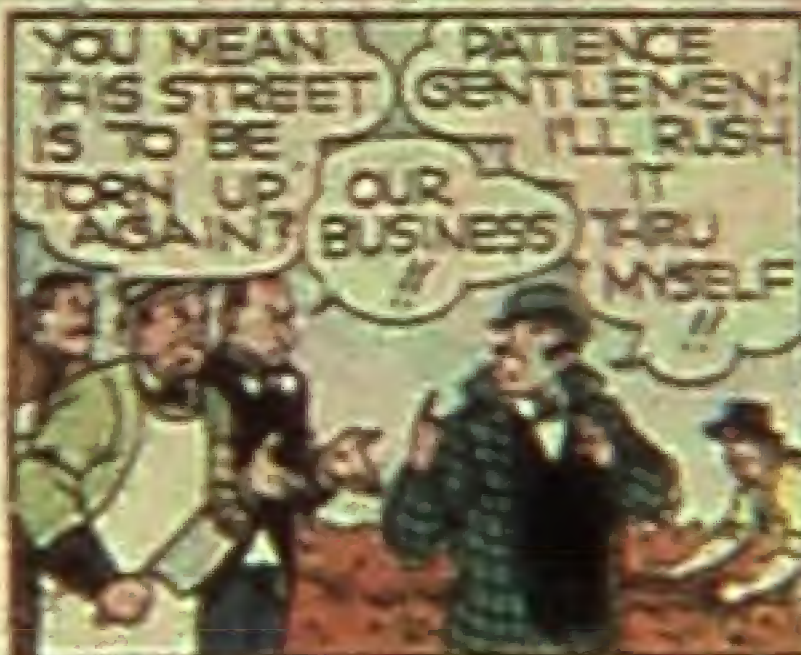
CRASH





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the February Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale December 30th.

MAKE SURE YOU GET A DAISY FOR CHRISTMAS

HERE'S HOW: After word "Dear" heading coupon below, write name of person most likely to give you what you want for Christmas, such as father, mother, aunt, uncle, etc. Sign your name in line after word "Signed." Then put an X in square opposite Daisy you want. Fill out bottom part of coupon. Cut along dotted line at top and right. Mail to us AT ONCE. We'll send it to person you named, along with a letter of our own, urging that person to buy the very Daisy you checked. Send coupon NOW—before it's too late.

CHRISTMAS LIST

Dear _____
I want a new Daisy for Christmas. I've checked the one I like.

Signed _____

☐ Double Barrel Repeater. Finest Daisy made **\$5.00**

☐ Buck Jones Special. Compact in stock. **\$3.50**

☐ 30-shot Pump Gun. Air-cooled repeater **\$4.50**

☐ 1000-shot Golden Eagle. Most beautiful of all. **\$2.75**

☐ Boss Barton Special. Scope - type sights. **\$2.25**

☐ 500-shot Repeater. Polished nickel parts. **\$1.75**

☐ Daisy Single Shot. A Real Bargain **\$1.25**

☐ Telescope Sight. With Magnifying Lens **\$1.00**

☐ Targeteer Pistol. Complete Target Outfit **\$2.00**

I want you to help me get a Daisy for Christmas. Please send my Christmas List and your letter to:

Name _____
(Print name of person most likely to give you what you want for Christmas)

Street No. _____
(Print his (or her) street address)

City _____
(Print his (or her) city)

State _____
(Print his (or her) State)

My Name _____

Street & No. _____

City _____

State _____ Age _____

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... just like Dad's
double-barrel shotgun!



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